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## SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

### No. XIV.—Mr. Crabbe.

Two writers of our day, Mr. Crabbe and Mr. Wordsworth, are especially remarkable for their descriptions of the lower classes of Englishmen. They may be taken to represent two great divisions of metrical writers about the poor. There is a third division for whom we are not now careful to find a representative. 'The last shall be first' in these observations. It contains the authors who delight in drawing shepherdesses and ploughmen as beings in whom the peculiarities of drawing-rooms are universal, and the general attributes of humanity utterly wanting. They assign to their personages a certain fantastic and affected refinement such as has never existed among those classes, and put them into situations in which neither those classes nor those refinements could by any possibility have arisen. Some landscape, and circumstances of the quietest character are described in hyperboles of the most violent and far-fetched extravagance; and two youths are exhibited talking a language as remote from that of instructed as from that of ignorant men, and 'contending in alternate verse,' till the complacent and congenial umpire refuses to decide on the superior merits of either, and the reader can find no degrees of comparison in the absurdity of both. This is an extreme case. But there have been authors near our own time who have written almost as ridiculously, and have been applauded for their gentle labours. A man of talent, who has more warmth of sensibility and quickness of perception than reason or imagination, is likely to lose himself in describing the details he has seen, and he is not strongly guided by the principles he has thought. A powerful mind, but more philosophical than poetical, will always recur to universals and omit individuals. And it would be no great wonder that either of them should be able to deduce his age into believing him a great poet. But, in the writings to which we refer, there is neither universal truth nor particular accuracy; and, in worshipping them, we bow down to idols, which, like the monsters of a Hindoo temple, are likenesses of nothing in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth.

Of such works—dolls to amuse the childless—it was perhaps scarcely worth while to speak. The opposites of them are the compositions in which the phenomena of obscure and vulgar existence are merely made use of like all else around us, as the instruments and materials of the poetic imagination, but in which every detail and minute touch is scrupulously and conscientiously faithful; while this fidelity as to particulars is the mere frost-work on the rock of universal Truth, the marbles and mosaics which cover buttresses of granite and cramps of iron. Observation supplies the armoury, but genius calls up the legion of living men, to wear the breast-plates and to wield the swords. There is a Dutch picture of Christ among the Soldiers, in which every hair of the beards, every thread of the garments, is painted with a reality which would satisfy barbers and weavers. The whole is utterly false; for there is no attempt at expressing the scornful cruelty of the persecutors, or the holy and godly patience of the sufferers. As the productions of Raphael and Correggio differ from this, so the works of poets differ from those of men who are merely copyists. The latter are as much less living, as a statue than the Her-

mione of the 'Winter's Tale.' Though the accidents be the clothing, the principles are the life.

Between these two classes,—those who indite pastorals in which the characters are unnatural fancies, and who are a portion of the great body of authors without either intuition or observation, and those who are possessed of both the one and the other,—there is a third, to which Mr. Crabbe belongs—the persons, namely, whose power is entirely outward, but who are accurate watchers and examiners of all that goes on around them. His mind is not a window which admits light, but a looking-glass which accurately reflects whatever is placed opposite to it. He exhibits his personages, not in the general illumination of any master ideas, but in the literal individuality of the particular facts. He describes them, not by means of the creative imagination, which would picture them surrounded indeed by the peculiar circumstances of English society, yet as men still more than peasants; but he shows them as they appear to the mechanical and fleshly eye, and in all their nakedness and bareness, unmodified by any feeling of the writer, and unexalted by the imagination.

Such, we think, is nearly the character of Mr. Crabbe as a describer of the lower ranks of men. It is in this character that we have first spoken of him, because it is in this that he is most remarkable. The three kinds of writers on this class of subject, are simply specimens of the three great divisions of thinkers on all subjects. There are some who can neither reason, imagine, nor observe, and therefore fancy,—some who collect the minutiae without a large or philosophic insight,—some who look at details merely in subordination to principles. The first has furnished us with the men who describe shadows and fragments of humanity, the parents of such pastorals as Pope's, and such tragedies as Dryden's and Addison's. The second contains the authors, to the rank of whose works we must refer a good deal of Defoe, Smollett, and the American Brown, and almost all of Crabbe. The third is made up of Dantes, Shakespeares, Miltons, and Wordsworths, the prime glories of humanity.

All the subjects of Mr. Crabbe's compositions are treated with precisely the same laborious and literal fidelity as the hovels and workhouses where he especially delights to sojourn. His ladies and gentlemen are not beings of his own, imagined in accordance firstly and chiefly to the laws of nature and of poetry, and only secondly and subordinately in agreement with the peculiar influences of that part of society. They are portraits copied in every hair and wrinkle from the originals, and in which, as in all such portraits, the higher and more universal characteristics are almost entirely omitted. He does not paint the man he has seen and known, but the nose, the coat, the manners, and the actions of the man, to the omission of those powers which make him an agent. As a well-natured person, he breaks the monotonous selfishness of his heroes and heroines with occasional touches of kindness and tenderness; but, having no philosophy higher than that of the world around him, we never see him delighting to clear from the mind which he is dealing with, its crust and filth, and so to open out the fountains of another life which are buried and sealed beneath.

But that which this writer does attempt to exhibit is completely brought before us. He never, indeed, paints in a single word, by using one

which shall be a key-note to our imagination. He describes only for our memory. His Muse is the parent, not the offspring, of Mnemosyne. But what he attempts he does thoroughly; we see in his pages the very oiled paper in the windows, the very patches on the counterpane. When he talks of dust upon a floor, or stains upon a table-cloth, we might use the words of the Persian, and exclaim, 'What dirt have we eaten!' Every ribbon in the cap of a hand-maid, every button on the coat of a beggar we know them all with the precision of military martinets. And he describes, in the same way, landscapes, houses, thoughts, feelings. Those who have seen or felt what he talks of, start at seeing their recollections reproduced in all the vivacity of the original sensations. But he is utterly untranslatable. The imagination is the great interpreter; and, supposing the same degree of intelligence, Calderon is as delightful to an Englishman as to a Spaniard—Shakspeare as wonderful to a German as to us. But the effect of Mr. Crabbe's writings does not depend upon the degree to which our nobler faculties are developed, but to the accident of our having observed the very same objects as himself, and experienced the same annoyances from the same casual and transitory causes.

Mr. Crabbe has, somewhere or other in his various and voluminous prefaces, claimed for himself the name of Poet. If every body comprehended all the terms in dispute among men, that is, felt their force as well as understood their meaning, there would be a real 'end to controversy,' instead of all those so-styled productions, which have fed the flame they were designed to extinguish. We are persuaded, not merely that Mr. Crabbe is not a poet, but that he has very much injured himself by attempting to be one. Composition in verse raises a legitimate expectation of a certain finish and beauty in every word of the work; for it makes every word important. This scrutiny the writings in question will not endure. It also prepares us for a different strain of feeling from that of ordinary conversation; and here, also, we may say, 'This was looked for at your hands, and this was balked.' The tone is sometimes sufficiently comic, sometimes sufficiently tragic, for poetry; but it is often *sermoni proprio*, and sometimes miserably flat and mean. The versification is on no system whatsoever; and there are constant traces of the habit of forcing and filing the meaning to fit the couplet.

As an illustration of the different methods in which Mr. Crabbe, and a really great poet, treat the same subject, we will extract some stanzas of Wordsworth's, and a portion of the poem called 'The Lover's Journey.' The little production of the former, from which we give an extract, is remarkably favourable to Mr. Crabbe, as being one which the greatest of critics (the author of 'The Biographia Literaria') has declared would appear to greater advantage in prose. It is named 'The Beggars.' Both passages are quoted as mere descriptions of gipsies. The first is Wordsworth's:

'Before me as the wanderer stood,  
No bonnet screen'd her from the heat,  
Nor claim'd she service from the hood  
Of a blue mantle, to her feet  
Depending with a graceful flow;  
Only she wore a cap, pure as unsullied snow.  
  
'Her skin was of Egyptian brown,  
Haughty as if her eye had seen  
Its own light to a distance thrown,

She tower'd—fit person for a queen  
To head those Amazonian files,  
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian isles.  
' Her suit no faltering scruples check'd;  
Forth did she pour, in current free,  
Tales that could challenge no respect,  
But from a blind credulity;  
And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature  
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature!  
' I left her, and pursued my way;  
And soon before me did espy  
A pair of little boys at play.  
Chasing a crimson butterfly;  
The elder follow'd with his hat in hand,  
Wreathed round with yellow flowers, the gayest of  
the land.  
' The other wore a rimless crown,  
With leaves of laurel stuck about;  
And, while both followed up and down,  
Each whooping with a merry shout,  
In their fraternal features I could trace  
Unquestionable lines of that wild suppliant's face.  
' Yet they so blithe of heart, seemed fit  
For finest tasks of earth or air:  
Wings let them have, and they might flit  
Precursors of Aurora's car,  
Scattering fresh flowers, though happier far, I ween,  
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level  
green.'

Here is a portion of Mr. Crabbe's description of similar personages:

' On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,  
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,  
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,  
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;  
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,  
Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd;  
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate  
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state,  
Cursing his tardy aid—her mother there  
With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair;  
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,  
And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,  
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,  
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;  
With hard and savage eye she views the food,  
And grudging pinches their intruding brood;  
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits  
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;  
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,  
And half protected by the vicious son,  
Who half supports him; he with heavy glance  
Views the young ruffians who around him dance;  
And, by the sadness in his face, appears  
To trace the progress of their future years:  
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,  
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat!  
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,  
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—  
Ere they, like him, approach their latter end,  
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!'

In the first place, how clear and brilliant is the picture of the gipsy woman in the first of Wordsworth's stanzas. There is no more indisposition to blink the use of common words for common things than in Mr. Crabbe; but he produces an infinitely greater effect with the same cheap materials. In the second stanza how much there is of genuine imagination; and how little does this great poet require in order to raise our minds aloft, and transport them to the most distant domains of poetic beauty; and see, again, in the third, that powerful and original phrase, flung forth bright and perfect from the creative mind, in which the beautiful vagrant is called 'a weed of glorious feature!' In the next strophe how bright and vivid a picture is shown to us of the boys, with their flower-wreathed hats, chasing the crimson butterfly; a sunny and masterly representation, which is admirably kept up in the following stanza; and, in the last of the portions we have quoted, with what godlike power does the author carry us away with these gipsy boys on the wings of the morning. These are particular beauties, a few gems though of no common lustre; but there is a more continuous and even a rarer merit, in the smooth and majestic course of the versification, never halting, and never over-burthened; and, above every thing, what we do not hesitate to call

the perfection of the language. There is not a thought which could be more concisely expressed without the diminution of its beauty; not a word patched in for the sake of the metre, not a descriptive epithet which does not serve to suggest tenfold more than it expresses.

Let us turn from this to our original subject. We do not wish to dwell upon the different turn of mind indicated in the manner of the two poets when they look at similar objects, at the gladness and sympathy on the one hand and the cynicism on the other; but let us observe the latter lines as a mere work of art. The construction of the first four lines is obviously faulty. We know not whether it be the wife who 'is just borrowed from the bed,'—or the rug which is 'by the hand of coarse indulgence fed.' The next verses simply express, as it might be expressed in prose, the physiognomy of the gipsy, and on these, at least, no pretensions to poetry can be raised. What can be more awkward, or less agreeable to the strict accuracy professed by the opponents of 'irregular unclassical poetry,' than the use of the word *state* at the end of the couplet

' Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate  
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state.'

The description is strong, plain, and good, such as we expect in a good book of essay, travel, or novel; till we find another instance of obscure and faulty construction in the phrase,

' Assumed through years,  
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears.'

It would really seem that the 'features' had been 'assumed through years,' instead of the falsehood. In the following couplet to what does 'their' refer; and, with similar carelessness, towards the close of the passage, it would seem that 'punishment and pain' are the 'sport of fierce passions,' rather than the children. The description on the whole contains emphatic and even eloquent phrases; but there is not one touch of imagination from the beginning to the end, which, by the pleasurable exercise of our faculties, might in some degree take off the pain necessarily felt in reading such an account. In the next paragraph, it is the purpose of the author to show how happiness overflows from the heart on all around it, and in how glad and gay a light the most wretched objects will be seen by the cheerful. But, instead of representing Orlando, the hero of the story, as connecting what he sees with joyous associations, and free from every remembrance of guilt or sorrow, he makes him reflect, that, though the gipsies are highly criminal and deserving of punishment, yet he is not called upon to inflict it; and accordingly he gives them money.

We have said that there are no poetical beauties in this passage of Mr. Crabbe's writings, and have shown that there are several errors of composition. Yet we believe it to be as faultless as any portion of similar length, and equal talent, in all his works. It is powerful writing, though not poetry; and we only wish that it, and the rest of his productions, had not appeared under false pretences,—a situation which, besides its liability to detection, almost always gives a certain awkwardness of demeanour. Mr. Crabbe's unmetrical writing is not particularly happy; but it is much better (looking merely at the style) than his verse. And there are not many more agreeable or more useful books of a similar nature than might be made by turning his tangled rhyme into easy prose. His strong plain sense, shrewd humour, acute observation, and faithful portraits, would be instructive and delightful, and give us, what we have not, a standard book on the manners and characters of the great masses of English society.

The moral evils resulting from his works are, in our view, not light, though he himself is obviously a benevolent and thinking man; for the virtues which he describes, and to which he solicits our admiration, are won from the shadowy limbs of compromise and opinion. He is evidently no believer in the possibility of much greater good-

ness than that of the average respectability around us; and there is no sin which he treats with more bitter reprobation than dissent from the doctrines of the Church of England.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

### BEAUCLERK'S JOURNEY TO MAROCCO.

*Journey to Morocco.* By Captain G. Beauclerk. 8vo. pp. 355, 21s. Poole and Edwards. London, 1828.

CAPTAIN BEAUCLERK was the companion of Mr. Murray and Dr. Brown in an expedition undertaken in consequence of an application for medical assistance made to Sir G. Don, the Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, by the Sultan of Morocco, in the year 1826. Though the ground passed over by the author is one not untrudged by travellers, and though we do not invite our readers to any remarkable novelty or philosophy of observation, yet there is enough in this volume to atone for the want of both these attractions. It is written in that confiding, careless tone which puts the reader at his ease, and establishes the best possible understanding between him and the writer; and, those objects being the theme of comment which lie at the surface of the world around him, a mutual sympathy is easily excited, and, without effort, kept up to the last. The line of march pursued may be thus traced out:

Having embarked on board a felucca, on the morning of the 18th of July, they were forced by one of the ordinary mishaps of that navigation,\* to Tarifa, a little Moorish town on the Spanish coast, remarkable, as Mediterranean voyagers well know, for its preservation of African manners, costume, and habits, through all the vicissitudes of its history. From Tarifa they crossed the Straits to Tangier, a celebrated place, populous and commercial, though miserably built and excessively dirty. Here the hospitality of several native residents, and of Mr. Douglas, the Consul-General, was abundantly exercised towards them; and, during a stay of three days, an unbroken series of feasting and entertainment introduced them, not disagreeably, to this semi-barbarous corner of Africa. The gallantry of Captain Beauclerk bursts forth in many paroxysms of rapture at the beauty of the black-eyed maidens,—a species of natural curiosity in the discovery of which his eye appears to have possessed a universal and most philosophical keenness.

At seven o'clock in the morning of July 21st the author mounted his mule, attended by his companions and a retinue of sixteen other mules, further augmented at the outside of the town by an escort of an Alkaid and four soldiers. The first day's journey conducted them, in sight of the sea, over a plain country, and across a fordable river, to the town of Arzela; whence, on the following day, they proceeded to Larash, a small sea-port town on the eastern bank of the river Leocouse, formerly belonging to the Portuguese but ceded to, or taken by, Muley Ismael. The

\* The communication between the two Continents is now attended with no difficulty. We were at Gibraltar in the month of April last year, when the *De la York* steamer sailed from the Bay, carrying eight passengers, to Tangier, on its first voyage. It was wonderful, if, in the present frequency of commerce between the most distant extremes of the globe, that sea were to be deserted which commands the finest coast-views of Europe. The succession of beauty either side, from the first burst of the African hills to the point where their wildness and grandeur are nearly amalgamated with the softer outlines of the Spanish shore, renders the passage between the Pillars of Hercules as wonderful and as lovely as any that we have witnessed of marine scenery. If personal experience might with justice be introduced into a view, we would willingly stand pledged to the fidelity of much of Captain Beauclerk's volume; and we give this opportunity of adding our tribute to the efficient public administration, and amiable private character, of the present Governor of Gibraltar, whose good deeds are manifested in almost every corner of the vast rock which he commands.



night was passed in a douar, or Arab tent, by the side of a lake, in the midst of the richest herbage, for which they paid dearly, by the annoyances suffered from various insects, the grasshopper, and different species of mosquito,—all of which evils are well and feelingly enumerated by one who learnt, too late, the expedient of the Arabs, who, as a defence against these enemies, 'sleep in sacks up to their necks, their faces being too tough to receive injury.' Their road thence lay along the edge of another lake, and over a monotonous country, varied by no wood save an occasional fig-tree overshadowing the tomb of 'a Saint,' or a mulberry here and there, with a little unpalatable fruit. Having passed the river Sebou on the 26th, they disembarked from the boats used universally instead of bridges, close under the lofty walls of the town of Meudia, formerly of some importance, but now reduced to a pitiful cluster of about two hundred houses built in the Moorish style. Between this place and Sallée, the travellers witnessed the effects of a recent famine,—skulls, bones, skeletons, and half rotten corpses, singly or in companies, stripped and partly devoured by the hyenas and vultures, lying in all directions, wheresoever the last pangs of hunger had overtaken them. The river Elmguz divides Sallée from Rabat, and to the latter town they were ferried by watermen not yet degenerated from the glory of their ancestors, who were the theme of so many ballads and nursery rhymes. Being well received by the authorities of the place, they lodged in a Moorish house assigned to them for three days, during which time they dined with the Basha of Sallée, were especially patronised by a female saint of Rabat, visited the harem of the Sultan's country-house, and cured half a hundred native invalids. Leaving Rabat on the 30th of July, they were occupied till the 7th of the following month in traversing a tedious and unattractive district, between that town and Morocco. The details of each day's journey are sufficiently vivid to leave a strong impression of the real aspect and circumstances of such a tour. Though slight and careless, the sketches are natural, and therefore picturesque. We extract one as illustrating most forcibly the arid, hot, and barren scenery through which they passed:

'The sun had greatly increased the heat of the atmosphere, and the dead flat by which we were surrounded for many miles, over which the heated air hung undisturbed by a breath of wind, caused us much pain. Added to which, the stony nature of the soil caused so violent a reflection that our faces were completely peeled with the heat. The guards, who had hitherto used no precaution against the direct rays of the sun, now covered their faces with turbans, leaving only a space for the eyes. This is a very necessary precaution, which, however, I found myself unable to bear; for it was only changing from the heat of an oven to that of a vapour bath. It was here that I first felt the ill effects of the sun, which soon after caused me to dismount from my mule, overcome by a sudden sick fainting fit. I crept under cover of a bush, and hid my head from the darting rays of the fiery sun. Mr. Murray and I had lingered behind the foremost of our party, and having drunk our flasks of water, there was not a drop left to moisten my parched tongue, which was as dry as a piece of wood. Luckily, however, our baggage was in the rear, and in a short time, to my infinite delight, I saw the water mule arrive; when Mr. Murray, who had kindly waited behind with me, procured me a draught of comparatively cold water, which acted like the elixir of life upon my parched frame. It is impossible for those who have never been placed in a similar situation to conceive the luxury of a draught of cold water, when the very saliva has taken leave of the mouth. I soon felt my returning vigour, and after frequently repeating the draught, I again proceeded on my journey. At two o'clock we arrived at a walled douar, opposite which was the dry bed of a stream, and near it a well, supplied by a living spring of clear cool water. Here every one dismounted, and almost struggled for the nectar of the desert, huddling round the well like hard drinkers round a punch-bowl, swallowing draught after draught, which requires to be repeated five or six times before the thirst is at all abated when the throat is in this state. We then retired to the shade of a spreading tree, to partake of some re-

freshments from our wallets, and, stretching ourselves at full length, made great havoc upon the water-melon. Here we met another party going to Morocco, consisting of a black Sherife, attended by four or five of his own colour, travelling on foot. The Sherife was the most ludicrous picture of despair I ever saw: he was leaning against the trunk of a tree with his hands drooping on each side of him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and the tears which were falling from him, (for he was crying like a child,) seemed to have found as ready a vent by his mouth as his eyes. His companions were lying round him, either administering consolation, or offering up prayers for his recovery. We immediately asked the old fellow what was his complaint, when he replied, in a most melancholy tone, that he had eaten of the prickly pear, until he could neither eat nor walk any longer, and that, from the pains he was enduring, he verily believed he should shortly burst. One of our guard advised him to eat some water-melon as a remedy, and handed him a large slice of this highly-prized fruit. I shall never forget the mixture of distress and greediness displayed in the countenance of this *hedge-glutton* as he seized on the proffered fruit, and was preparing, full as he was, to add to his repletion and pains, when the Doctor told him he would inevitably make himself worse, and begged him not to eat it. It was easy to perceive that this advice but ill suited his inclinations; for he continued to hold the tempting slice in his hand, alternately looking at the Doctor and the fruit, and uttering long moans of despair, more from regret at not being allowed to eat more, than from the pain he was suffering from having already eaten too much; but he was at last prevailed on to relinquish the prize, in lieu of which we gave him a glass of cherry brandy, which soon restored him to ease. By this time our baggage had come up, and we were discussing the propriety of continuing our journey through the intense heat, which was now rendered quite suffocating by a hot desert wind which had lately sprung up, when the case was suddenly decided by the determination of our muletier to halt, who, without further ceremony, proceeded to unload the mules, to the great annoyance of the Caid, who had given his advice to the contrary. The latter was, no doubt, in the right, for his animals had suffered great fatigue from this day's journey. Finding that we were not likely to prevail upon the muletier to proceed on his road, we retired to the interior of the douar, where we pitched our tents, and sought in vain for shelter from the heat of the shirocco wind. Towards evening, however, this curse of the desert greatly subsided, and I lounged along the bed of the river with my gun, and procured a supply of doves for supper. These birds abound here, as well as in most other parts of Barbary, and are very tame.'—Pp. 129-132.

On the following day they first came in sight of the chain of Atlas; and an extract from the journal, a little farther on, may be made to advantage:

'At seven o'clock in the morning of the 7th of August, we started, with more spirit than strength, to complete our journey. At eleven we had passed the small chain of the Atlas; the soil was of a reddish hue, covered with quartz, and perpendicular strata of slate-stone formed the rock of these heights, which are partially covered with shrubs and pasture for sheep. The view that presented itself to us on passing the minor range of the Atlas was truly magnificent. The great city of Morocco lay in the centre of a vast plain, covered with olive and date trees, from whose feathering heads arose many a lofty mosque and minaret. To the right of the city there grew, as it were, suddenly from out the dead flat, a mountain, in the centre of which is a deep indent or valley, resembling the crater of an exhausted volcano. To the east and west the plain was unbounded; but to the south arose before the astonished sight that stupendous mountain-range the Atlas, seeming to mock the efforts of man to pass it, and dividing the mind of the beholder between the thoughts of his own insignificance, and the sublime grandeur of his Creator.'—Pp. 137, 138.

The entrance to the city is thus graphically described:

'At two o'clock we came in sight of the walls of Morocco, around which the plain appears very uneven from the numerous mines from which salt-petre is dug. It is difficult to imagine, and still more so to describe, the scene which presented itself to us upon passing the arched gate of the town, built of red sand-stone, and carved and painted in the Arabesque. The crowds of wild handsome countenances; the muscular forms of the half-naked mountaineers, as they pressed forward with eager curiosity to gaze at the Nazarenas; the astonishment depicted on some countenances,

the scorn or indifference on others; the listless apathy of the well-dressed sitters; and the crafty look of the tawny Arab; were objects that conspired to render the whole a most amusing study. It was with considerable difficulty that the crowd could be kept off; for their curiosity was so great that they risked the severest blows to obtain the pleasure of touching our clothes, and more particularly our arms, which seemed to excite their utmost cupidity. Half choked with dust, and parched with a sun that made us wonder how the human frame could endure it, we continued to tread the streets attended by a mob. We passed the execution ground, where we saw three headmen seated beneath little wigwags, reposing in the heat of the day, like blood-hounds tired of inaction, and longing for their prey; and, after traversing extensive wastes, covered with ruins, and intersected with mud walls, we arrived at the grand mosque, a fine specimen of the ancient Moorish style,—in form and size nearly resembling the one I have already described at Rabat, and supposed to have been built by the same architect. Here we again entered the habitable part of the town, the houses of which are generally low and small, and the streets so choked up with an accumulation of annual filth which is never removed, that in many places the floors of the houses are some feet below the street, and the inmates are obliged rather to crawl than walk into what more resembles a burrow than a house. After about four miles' journeying through this enormous, half-ruined city, we descried the green tiled roofs of the royal abode, amidst the extensively walled gardens of the dark olive and the orange; and, suddenly entering an extensive walled square court-yard, we found ourselves in the precincts of the Sultan's harem. Scattered over the square were numbers of blue-striped bell-tents, beneath whose shade were sleeping or dozing in Moorish apathy the Sultan's guards, while their patient horses stood flocked to a rope around the tents, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. The heat had now become so insufferable from the scorching of the shirocco wind, that existence actually became burthensome, and with great pleasure did we at last alight, at four o'clock, under a lofty gateway, or guard-house, supported by pillars and arches, and tenanted by Caid's of the troops, eating their couscous, playing at cards, or counting their beads. Here we stretched ourselves on the earthen floor, and gave loose to our insatiable thirst. It was in vain, however, that we tried to quench it by draught after draught of cold water, and slices of water melon; for these had no sooner passed the throat, than the mouth again became as dry as parchment, and the moistest tongue rattled as it essayed to speak. Never shall I forget what I suffered this evening, as we lay stretched on the ground, cursing the odious servility of the court, which prevented the Ministers from disturbing the Sultan to announce our arrival. The fact was, that we had arrived at an unlucky hour; it being the custom of the Sultan to retire from public business at ten o'clock, and solace himself in the society of his women until the hour of four, no one being allowed to enter the harem during these hours of royal recreation. Thus no one dared approach his Highness to apprise him of our arrival; and, preparations not having been made for our reception, no one knew to what house we were to be taken. All affairs, of whatever importance they may be, are at a stand-still during these hours of royal retirement, during which we continued to drink cold water and excrete despotism, and in this manner contrived to pass away five or six of the most painful hours of our lives. At last, the long soft tones of the Muczier's voice from the tower of the royal mosque announced the hour of evening prayer, which the Sultan regularly attends, when he leaves the women's apartments, and afterwards transacts public business, or walks in his garden.'—Pp. 139-142.

Sickness, which continued, in different forms, on the author during his whole stay at this capital, prevented much observation of the habits and peculiarities of the people. His accounts, however, of his reception at court—of the scenes in his bed-room, to which a crowd of the aristocracy daily flocked—and many minor occurrences connected with his confined mode of life, are, at the same time, curious and very pleasantly told. The military force of the kingdom is glanced at in a laughing mood by the Captain of his Britannic Majesty's twenty-third regiment, and we will quote the passage:

\* 'It is the custom of the best-dressed and most respectable classes, to sit cross-legged, doing nothing.'  
† 'Green tiles are a royal prerogative.'

'The Sultan's standing army, independent of the *Adouais*, (his body-guard of about seven hundred men,) does not, we were informed, exceed five or six thousand men. Of these the principal part are black troops, and generally employed in the southern districts of the kingdom, where the increased heat of the sun overcomes the white men. This army, for want of better occupation, and for the purpose of being kept together, is continually employed against some of the southern black tribes, lying towards Tombuctoo, who, knowing little of warfare, are easily hunted down by their rapacious neighbours, who deprive them of the rich gold ornaments which decorate their ears and noses, and, while the young men are sent as slaves to Morocco and other parts of the kingdom, the girls, from ten to twenty years of age, feel no great reluctance in exchanging their liberty for the softer and more indolent life they afterwards lead in the harems of the white Moors.

'Of the prowess of his Highness's army I fear little can be said, as may be inferred from the following account, given by two Spanish Renegades, who came to solicit the Doctor's medical aid. One of these was a tall fellow, his Highness's chief engineer, over whom the united powers of age and fear exercised so absolute a control, that he was in a continual shiver. The other was a sturdy-looking fellow enough, whose looks belied his heart. He had obtained, as he told us, the exalted post of chief bombardier, and had been sent with his companions to the black army, beyond the Alps, with a *park* of artillery under his command, consisting of two field-pieces which had been presented to the Sultan by the English. They said that they had set out in full confidence of bringing into subordination, by means of these two powerful engines of war, a rebellious tract of mountainous country, which owed no Sultan and set at defiance his Majesty's laws. But sad, indeed, had been the reverse of their hopes and fortunes; for, as they were one night quietly sleeping in their tents, they were suddenly disturbed, by the importunate and ill-timed intrusion of twenty-eight ill-shaven, ugly-looking *sans-culottes* fellows, who, rushing into their tents, took the most unwarrantable liberties with the lives of his Highness's subjects. In fact, the alarm spreading over the encampment, the whole army, amounting to five thousand men, became panic-struck, and with all expedition took the shortest road home, leaving forty-eight dead upon the field, and the greater part of their baggage and tents.—P. 181, 182.

We might present many other amusing pictures of such things as the royal diseases and whimsies—the rats and other vermin—the wants and credulity of female patients, more particularly of ladies in that state in which all wish to be, &c., with respect to their future offspring, &c.; but these matters are both too lengthy and too delicate to be here touched upon.

Towards the beginning of October, upon the change of the season, the party again set out for Mogadore. After a short and well-described journey of three days, they reached the latter sea-port more dead than alive, but heartily glad to be once more exposed to the refreshing breezes from the west. A description of this town, well known to the Mediterranean traders, is filled out with greater minuteness, but not so much interest as those of the interior. The two succeeding chapters present a general view of the resources, climate, natural productions, &c., of the country; and their return to Gibraltar, of which an almost unnecessary account is introduced, winds up the volume.

The author appears a clear-sighted man, to the extent of his powers of vision; healthy and happy in feeling, through all his pains and afflictions; never awkward in the strangest of barbarous situations, nor at a loss in the midst of privations, hardships, and desperate expedients. Though an atmosphere of 95° be unpleasant breathing, yet his book is excellent for summer reading, and a good companion for a cigar or a glass of Moselle.

#### IRISH NATION AND LANGUAGE.

1. *Anderson's Sketches of the Native Irish*. 12mo. pp. 266, 5s. 6d. Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh, 1828.
2. *Captain Rock's Letters to the King*. Foolslop 8vo., pp. 373. Steill. London, 1828.

ONE general characteristic of all that is written or spoken about Ireland, seems a trifling away of

time and industry, in the discussion of minute points, and the prosecution of useless researches, whilst, for the real and gigantic evils at present overwhelming that unhappy land, little investigation is used, and no remedies suggested. At a time when religious dissensions, unequal and ignorant administration of the laws, a deficiency of capital, and a surplus population, might be expected to arrest every man's attention, as the source of palpable and monstrous miseries, we have the author of 'Sketches' coming forward to convince us, that a proper cultivation of the Old Irish tongue would be a universal panacea for all the disorders of our sister kingdom; and the inditer of 'Captain Rock's Letters,' with scarcely more wisdom, assuring us, that the overthrow of our present oligarchical form of Government would work miracles in her behalf. Mr. Anderson's book is very elaborate, amiable, and religious; but it is uninteresting in detail, and unconvincing in argument. It may be separated into three portions—statements of what the cultivation of the Erse tongue has been, what it is at present, and what, in the writer's opinion, it ought to be. In the first part, we find little more than proofs of a fact few people now dispute, that letters were, at a very remote period, more highly cultivated in Ireland than in the neighbouring countries. His retrospect is painful too, in showing at what very rare intervals, and with what very small success, there have arisen sages sincerely anxious to promote the education and improvement of their Irish fellow-countrymen, and desirous to bring about that improvement by instructions in their native language,—the only mode, as Mr. Anderson maintains, of effecting any substantial good. His proposal is to disperse translations of the Scriptures and other books throughout the country; but his principal object seems to be the general establishment of oral instruction in churches and schools, conveyed to the people in their own language. On this topic his enthusiasm knows no bounds; but he brings few arguments to justify it, excepting the examples of the Welsh and Gaelic schools. We give the following amusing extract:

'In regard to the exertions which are now making to instruct the Highlanders in reading their vernacular tongue, as the particulars are in the possession of the public, it is deemed quite superfluous to insert a single extract. Suffice it to say, that there are scholars at this moment learning the Gaelic, with remarkable avidity and profit to themselves, and that from the ages of five and six to eighty and even ninety years. There would seem to be a fascination in these Celtic dialects altogether unknown, and certainly not yet discovered by us, to our native language. To these Gaelic schools have resorted, not only the child of tender years, but the old man and woman that stoop for age. Never, since education was promoted by any body of men, was it found necessary to supply assistance to the eyes themselves. Yet such has been the eagerness of certain aged scholars in the Highlands, that, in order to meet it, the Gaelic School Society have had placed at their disposal, during the last year, 120 pairs of spectacles. But I must not enlarge, and shall simply advert to one school in the Hebrides, where 237 scholars were present at the examination lately, of all ages, from literally a great-great-grandmother down to the child of five years. And, oh! why should not such a heart-stirring sight soon be seen among the long, long-neglected islanders of Ireland?—P. 137.

The author undertakes to prove, by a careful census, that the number of Irish commonly using their own language, and little or not at all familiar with English, has been greatly underrated. Let him speak for himself on this point:

'I am perfectly aware, that, immediately on running down this Irish column, it will be said,—Yes, but how many in this column can also speak English?—nay, how many are under the necessity now of even speaking it daily? True; but, as for the English which they do speak, look again at this,—hear it. What is it in thousands of instances?—Such as an Englishman himself can scarcely understand. And then as to its extent,—here is the question. At least the language of barker, or mere business, it may refer to the trifles of the moment, or of a day,—yes, literally a day; for,

let it refer to the prospective arrangements of only a month or a year, and the parties are again in perplexity. But, granting they were not, when conversing on some affairs merely secular—is this English expressive of the thoughts, the opinions, the felicity of the man? Not at all; he has another medium, in which he instantly flies, and when his sentiments and feelings are to be heard, they may sound like a jargon in the ear of an Englishman, precisely as English sounds in his ear when so employed. These two men may plough the same field, or drive the same machine; they are brought into contact; but, as for interchange of sentiment and feeling, it is denied them. Here, then, is the point where compulsion ends. Independently of all benevolent feeling, common sense, and even one's own interest, now enforce accommodation. I wish to get at the mind;—I desire to enlighten, to animate, instruct, and raise up the moral being. Then, on my part, there must be an accommodation, and it is accorded with cordiality and with kindness. To the Irishman, as it regards his language, for a season at least, I become as one of themselves, and I gain the Irishman.—P. 156.

We confess that we do not share in these brilliant anticipations. That books, and lessons, and sermons, in the Erse tongue, would do some good, cannot be doubted; but how many of those for whose benefit they were intended, would receive them? These men, who know little or no English, are the most bigoted and priest-ridden portion of the population. Does it not seem probable, considering the anxiety which all manifest in Ireland to learn the language of the governing country, that the peasantry of Munster and Connaught could probably be more easily made good English scholars, than led to study a Protestant translation of the Scriptures, or to listen to a Protestant preacher. If so, will not more good be effected, by first spreading our language through the land, than by cramming its inhabitants with books and exhortations in their own? Mr. Anderson is evidently free from the bitter prejudice and intense bigotry which have caused the numerous proselytizing societies to do so much harm wherever they have spread their schools; but he is still too sanguine in his hopes of spreading the true faith among the people. Like other reformers, he would begin at the wrong end. Education—the development of moral feelings and sympathies, must precede the inculcation of a system of religion; and, till that education has been bestowed, even the gift of the Scriptures will be useless. We say, in opposition to Mr. Anderson, Teach English, teach industry, as far as you can, where there is such inadequate employment for it, and you will do more good than by manufacturing ship-loads of the best Irish types, or sending forth annually a host of young men, duly qualified, to preach in Erse.

Capt. Rock's Letters are a vulgar and violent, but, it must be confessed, a too just attack on Aristocracy in general, and the Irish Aristocracy in particular. The rest of the volume is composed of historical details, in part already familiar to the public. He begins his first letter with some most startling assertions.

'I might with propriety have added, "and my brother," our situations being similar in many respects—both kings *de jure*, neither kings *de facto*; both deprived of our lawful power and just prerogatives—you by a domestic, I by a foreign, usurpation.

'That your Majesty is perfectly well acquainted with the history, and what is called the Constitution, of your country, is not to be doubted: it is as little to be doubted, that the indignities and insults heaped on the Prince of Wales and the Prince Regent prepared you for the control which awaited your Majesty, and fully informed you of the wide difference between the theory and practice of that Constitution;—by the former of which you appear to be a personage of mighty importance, whilst by the latter you feel yourself reduced to the most pitiable insignificance.

'The idea of three estates, King, Lords, and Commons, combining regal, aristocratical, and democratic power, each a check on the encroachments of the others, so beautiful in theory, loses its loveliness and its value by the fact, that all have merged into the most odious and dangerous of all modes of government, as

argued; the substantial forms merely completed machinery. This is what the carnal opponents debate, sublimely and public discomfiture of the faction; these come from the selves by the dicta. The fo Welleale ago, will in peera; "Welles their histo- ular not- their real- tended on- formed f- relation: "There been a tro- disaband- Meath, in- surprising- was recei- of the ge- houses w- Trim, the- rack. The- preserve- simple, a- no child- racter, sp- of war, -sation of- erjan, an- neighbou- These in- active cir- from wh- frenz of- mourning- and all b- her lord- vicinage- Ireland, -year, eve- not long- in the po- person o- ownership- larged th- "It is- tations, a- poor lab- toiled for- on four- by her m- herself i- married, -ame a g- of Long- was a po- years in- yet never- without- dently au- an end to- "Garr- every de- of the n- miserabl- the coun- mer acq- renderin- had, as - them a - wretched- something- ices to o- Shortly- patron



...the members whereof, having destroyed the substance of grand institutions, preserve names and forms merely for purposes of deception, and have completed the organisation, and put in operation the machinery, of treason against the commonwealth. This is worked by those creatures with whom the tyrants fill the chambers of declamation, on whom they lavish the earnings of the industry of the people; and by their opponents, who are no less servicable in provoking debate, which wears the appearance of every subject being submitted to the severe ordeal of free and fair public discussion, and mature deliberation; whereas, in point of fact, every question has been determined by the faction long ere it makes its appearance before these combatants in the legitimate warfare which springs from the honest, laudable ambition of enriching themselves by prostituting their principles and consciences at the dictation of their masters.—P. 9—11.

The following account of the origin of the Wellesley family, written apparently many years ago, will amuse all, and astonish those well read in peerages.

*Wellesley.*—The name of this family is M'Culè. As their history is most extraordinary, it calls for particular notice—both of itself, as well as to show that their real claim to birth is much higher than their pretended one—of which fact a better judgment may be formed from the perusal of the following authentic relation:

'There was a man called Garret Wisely, who had been a trooper in Marlborough's wars, and who, being disbanded, returned to his native country, the county of Meath, in Ireland. As a travelled man who could tell surprising stories, a good shot, and a great drinker, he was received as an humble companion at the side-tables of the gentry of the country; but at none of their houses was he so welcome as at Dengan Castle, near Trim, then possessed by a female of the name of Cusack. This lady had married a cousin of her own, (to preserve the estate in the family,) who was rather simple, and therefore a cipher in the house. She had no children; and fame, too frequently busy with character, spoke aloud of the lady's partiality for the man of war, who, though he had never occupied a higher station on the muster-roll of his regiment than that of sergeant, was, through courtesy of the squirality of the neighbourhood, honoured with the rank of captain. These injurious reports had been for some time in active circulation, when Mr. Cusack one morning found dead beneath the window of his bed-chamber, from which it was given out, he had leaped, in the frenzy of fever. After the usual and decent time of mourning had elapsed, the lady surrendered her person and all her fair domains to the gallant captain, now her lord, on whom was instantly bestowed, by all the vicinage, the title of colonel,—generally attached, in Ireland, to the possessor of two thousand pounds a year, even though a civilian! This union the lady did not long survive. Garret consoled himself for his loss, in the possession of a good estate, which made him a person of consequence in his neighbourhood, and the ownership of half the borough of Trim, which enlarged the sphere of his importance.

'It is now to be mentioned, that Garret had no relations, save two sisters; one of whom had married a poor labouring fellow of the name of Branaghane, who toiled from morning to night, and was all but starved on four-pence a day; she was therefore not to be known by her more fortunate brother, though she had united herself in her own proper class. The other sister was married, with her brother's approbation, after he became a gentleman, to a wealthy grazier in the county of Longford, named Harman, to whom Garret gave, as a portion, his bond for one thousand pounds,—some years' interest of which being due,—in truth all, (Garret never having paid a groat to him, or any one else, without the intervention of law,)—Harman imprudently sued the colonel, enforced payment, and thus put an end to all communication between them.

'Garret, now disencumbered of wife and relations of every degree, bethought him of an old croney of his, of the name of Cooley, (a corruption of M'Culè,) a miserable brogue-maker at a place called Carbury, in the county of Kildare, with whom he renewed his former acquaintance, and to whom he was in the habit of rendering some small kindnesses. This poor fellow had, as usual in Ireland, a large family, and amongst them a boy named Dick, breeding up to his father's wretched occupation, for whom Wisely promised to do something better, and accordingly bound him apprentice to one Hickey, a kind of pastry-cook in Dublin. Shortly after the expiration of the boy's time, his patron procured for him the civil employment of cook

at Dublin Castle; and, as he had a good voice, and Garret had told him beforehand to be a Protestant, he was now installed as one of the choristers of Christ Church. Nor did Garret stop here; he enabled him to rent a house in Church-lane, where he kept a pastry-cook's shop and distilled spearmint, rose, and lavender waters, and such like.

'Garret had lived riotously, and now became infirm. Dick Cooley, whose mind's eye had speculation in it, quitted his shop, abandoned his situation in state and church;—(I am aware church has always preceded state, but my attachment to order of time will not admit of it on the present important occasion;)—and went to Dengan Castle just to look after his benefactor, where he instantly invested himself in the office of major domo, or *dominus factotum*. At length, Garret Wisely died, and Dick Cooley happened to *stumble upon a will*, by which he himself became possessed of all the estate, absolutely and without control or remainder.

'It has been noticed that the borough of Trim was an appendage to the estate of Dengan, and by that ladder our hero, (now Richard Cooley Wisely, Esq.,) being of an aspiring genius, mounted to the Viscounty of Mornington.

'This Right Honourable Lord Viscount Mornington married the daughter of an attorney, of the name of Slade. Her *Ladyship the Viscountess* had one son, named Garret, in compliment to the benefactor of her lord,—(I like to preserve these small traits in great personages,) which son changed the names of Cooley Wisely to Cowley Wesley, and afterwards to Westley, becoming, by means of the said borough of Trim, *Earl of Mornington*.

'This noble lord had five sons:—the present Marquis, who has changed the names of Cooley Wisely, Wesley, or Westley, to Colley Well-es-ley.—Pp. 221—226.

The founders of other families are described in tales as amusing and improbable.

#### BLANCHARD'S LYRIC OFFERINGS.

*Lyric Offerings.* By S. LAMMAN BLANCHARD. 12mo., pp. 96. 5s. W. H. Ainsworth. London, 1828.

It is very gratifying to think, that the influence of reviewers upon society is every day becoming more and more limited. In nine cases out of ten, it is a question of no material consequence to the public, or to any individual member of it, whether the verdicts which they give are carelessly uttered, or are the result of mature and conscientious deliberation. The most perseveringly impartial and earnest critic will find that he has some power of strengthening the foundations of his readers' opinions, but very little of forming those opinions, or changing them, while the most indefatigable of the scribes of darkness can scarcely flatter himself that he has done any signal act of successful mischief, and must console himself with the reflection, that, in the silent work of lowering the tone of public feeling and morality, his labours have not been wholly in vain.

There is only one case, that we remember, in which a critic really possesses any larger portion of that irresponsible power with which he is apt to suppose himself habitually invested; and that is in the case of very young authors, and especially young poets. A man who has a portion of talent, with which he is anxious to do as much evil as possible, could not lay out his little capital to greater advantage, than in a criticism upon authors of this class. He is under scarcely any control from the public; for the public cares nothing about the subject upon which he is operating; and the great security against any extensive harm resulting from a critic's unfairness,—that his false judgments will be neutralised by judgments from some other quarter, which are equally false on the opposite side,—is wanting here; because a young author, instead of allowing one to qualify the other, takes the abuse and the panegyric separately, and suffers about equally from both. When received into his system, the acids and alkalis of criticism do not subside into a neutral salt, but remain in active oppugnancy, and keep alive a constant fermentation. No reviewer, however modest in his general pretensions, ought to

carry his humility so far as not to believe, that in this one instance he possesses a terrible power; and to God and his conscience, if not to the world, he is responsible for the exercise of it.

'Destroying the bud of youthful genius,' and most phrases of that description, are, no doubt, very absurd—chiefly for this reason, that they give a wrong impression of the effect which a critical blight produces upon tender and delicate plants. It very seldom cuts them off—perhaps, there is no instance on record of its having done so; on the contrary, it has generally the effect of making the fruit start out immaturity; especially when, as is generally the case, there is some good-natured gardener who introduces a flue behind the tree, wisely imagining that to be the best way of counteracting the effects of the keen air which had been blowing upon it. If we look through the history of poets since they became amenable to reviewers, we shall find a sad list of young men, whose worst weaknesses and faults can be traced up to the malignant influence of some early criticism. Either they have been excited by their own indignation, and the exhortations of friends, to a precocious exercise of their powers, in order to prove some charge unfounded, or the poles of their characters, to which their poetry is the needle, have been turned askance by it twice ten degrees and more, or they have become wedded to their errors through hatred of the persons who attacked them. Kirke White is an instance of the first kind—Byron, of the second—Keats, of the third. The first, if he had husbanded his strength, might, even in the short time that was allotted him on earth, have become a great poet; but the desire of proving the Monthly Reviewer a blockhead—which wanted no proof—was irresistible, and he frittered away his mind in the attempt. But for the Edinburgh savage, Byron might have been a kind-hearted and good man; and the author of 'Endymion' would have speedily got rid of those vices of style which he had contracted from evil communication, and which so cramped his fine genius, if they had not acquired an unnatural worth in his eyes from being denounced by Gifford.

We have been led into this train of observations by the small volume of poems, entitled 'Lyric Offerings,' which we have placed at the head of our article.

We cannot better describe this volume to our readers, than by saying that it is written upon a system exactly the reverse of that which is adopted in the composition of Prize Poems. A regular subject—regular phrases—regular measure, make up, as every one knows, a Prize Poem. Irregular subjects, irregular diction, and irregular measures, are the great characteristics of Mr. Blanchard. Now, as a Prize Poem is notoriously that production which, of all that this wide universe gives birth to, displays the least wit, wisdom, and originality, Mr. Blanchard very possibly imagines that his poems must necessarily possess all these qualities in abundance. This, however, is a dangerous notion for a poet to entertain. The productions of what he would call the formal school, are unquestionably bad; but bad only because there is no native life-blood circulating through them,—because they are the dead copies of living models.

But, if this be so, a writer who copies from irregular models,—one, for instance, who, like Mr. Blanchard, imitates Shelley and Keats,—may have just as little of the soul which animated these poets, as one who draws after the purest classical fashion, may have of the soul of Homer or Æschylus; and it is ridiculous to say, that, if they be on a level in this prime requisite, the latter is not superior in minor graces.

We do not make these remarks with any view of disparaging Mr. Blanchard, in whom we think we can trace indications of a spirit akin to excellence; but we are particularly anxious to convince

him, that, so far as he is an imitator, he is not one whit better than the vulgar herd of imitators,—merely because it has pleased him to select the objects of his study from quarters in which that herd does not look for them. On this point we, no doubt, feel the more tender, because, being admirers of the two names we have mentioned, and especially of the former, through evil report and good report, and knowing how glad the world are to confound them with those of their school,—we are very anxious to show that we reverence them for that in which they were like the great men of past times, and not for that in which they differed from them;—but, on the present occasion, we make these observations much less for the sake of them, than for the sake of Mr. Blanchard. We would, if possible, induce him to study himself and nature more, and these writers less; and, above all, we would wish him for a time to give up writing, and betake himself to thinking. There are evidences in his book that his thoughts cost him much straining,—that he does not write from the abundance of the heart, but often from its very emptiness, which induces him to seek after quaint and conceited images to entertain it with; and, above all, there is evidence that he thinks too much about his individual self, and too little about the wants and woes of humanity.

We could quote passages enough, which would make our readers laugh at Mr. Blanchard; but we have already expressed our abhorrence of that style of criticism. If the author will read attentively over 'A Poet's Bride,' carefully inquiring of himself at each step, how much of it he has really felt,—how much meaning it really expresses to his own mind,—that exercise will do him tenfold more good than any criticisms of ours. He will there find, that some of the phrases upon which he most prides himself, such as 'heart's honeysuckles,'—'her cheek's passion flowers,' &c., are mere trickery, which delude him with a notion of their possessing a sense which they have not—and of their resembling the conceits of greater poets, which they do only in so far as those conceits are themselves deceptive and vulgar. In the mean time, we will make up for the severity of our remarks by extracting a poem which contains, in our opinion, real beauty:

*Pleasures of Promise.*

'THINGS may be well to seem that are not well to be,  
And thus hath fancy's dream been realised to me.  
We deem the distant tide a blue and solid ground;  
We seek the green hill's side, and thorns are only found.

Is hope then ever so?—or is it as a tree,  
Whereon fresh blossoms grow, for those that faded be?

Oh, who may think to sail from peril and from snare,  
When rocks beneath us fail, and bolts are in the air?  
Yet hope the storm can quell with a soft and happy tune,  
Or hang December's cell with figures caught from June.

And even unto me there cometh, less forlorn,  
An impulse from the sea, a promise from the morn.  
When summer shadows break, and gentle winds rejoice,  
On mountain or on lake ascends a constant voice.

With a hope and with a pride its music woke of old,  
And every pulse replied in tales as fondly told.

Though illusion aids no more the poetry of youth,  
Its faded sweetness o'er, it leaves a pensive truth:  
That tears the sight obscure, that sounds the ear betray,

That nothing can allure the heart to go astray.'

The following, also, is decidedly pretty:

*The Shadows of Life.*

'The secret world in human eyes  
Is deluged still with tears;  
Our breath is turned to feverish sighs,  
And nature nursed in fears.  
Cannot life rend its thin disguise,  
Or be what it appears?

All blazing brand  
Thrown on a ready pile;

Friendship, a pressure of the hand;  
Pity, a winter smile;  
And Hope, but wind across the sand,  
That forms, and fails the while.

Our life is as an idle boat  
Along a winding river;  
An aimless arrow sprung remote  
From an ethereal quiver;  
And pilotless it still must float,  
And aimless speed for ever.

Then let man build upon the grave  
A hope that cannot sink;  
A wintry waste his foot must brave,  
Yet may he find some brink;  
Or haply drop within the wave,  
Whose wine he thought to drink.'

Mr. Blanchard must expect to be very severely handled by the critics of one school for his 'Lyric Offerings,' and to be as richly bedaubed by those of another. We have warned him, in the former part of our article, against both these dangers; and we should be very glad if the spirit in which we have criticised him, could avert the evil effects which may result from his being irritated by the first, or flattered by the second.

*JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO PERU.*

*Journal of a Voyage to Peru: a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes in the Winter of 1827, performed on Foot in the Snow; and a Journey across the Pampas. By Lieutenant Charles Brand. 8vo. pp. 346. Colburn. London, 1828.*

THERE is not much that is new in this volume. Lieutenant Brand has gone over precisely the same line of country which we have most of us travelled in the company of Captain Head; and the narrative of the new traveller is not likely to make us forget the 'Rough Notes' of his lively and enterprising predecessor.

To say this, is not to disparage the merits of Lieutenant Brand; for he must be a very extraordinary writer who could efface the impressions of that book from our minds. Not to mention his account of the Mazeppa style of riding which is practised by gentlemen journeying across the Pampas—and which is further endeared to us by Hood's admirable caricature;—who does not remember his enthusiastic eulogy upon the Pampas Indians and horse-beef—his Shakspearian sketches of the characters of the different mules who accompanied him over the Andes—his interesting biography of that particular one which used to tumble over half a dozen precipices—be carried down irresistible cataracts at the base of them, and then meekly go its way, as if nothing had happened—his sublime description (we know few more really sublime) of shooting the Condor, which, after it was conscious of its fate, struggled with such glorious patriotism to reach its native mountain, and, failing in that attempt, soared aloft and died in the air, and then fell to the earth like a stone—or, lastly, his fearful picture of the huts in the Cordillera, to which the travellers had fled for shelter from a snow-storm, and the doors of which, though their only defence, they had used for fire-wood, because they preferred the feeling of Life, even for a moment, to the bare possession of Existence, and on the walls of which none of these wretched beings had left any record of their desolation? These passages, and there are others like unto them, constitute him one of the most picturesque of modern travellers; and we could wish that some other wealthy speculator, 'labouring under too quick a sense of a constant' felicity, at once for the purpose of relieving himself of the weight that oppresses him, and of benefiting society, would establish a company to dig mines in Kamschatka or Caffraia, and would send Captain Head to examine into their condition.

It is unfortunate for Lieutenant Brand that he has to follow such a writer as this; but it is a misfortune of which he does not seem to be at all conscious; for he never introduces Captain Head

at all by name, and only alludes to him towards the end of his book as 'a certain traveller,' against whose statements he throws out some unnecessary, and not very generous, insinuations. For this liberality, Lieutenant Brand richly deserves punishment at the hands of all who have taken delight in the Captain's narrative; and, if we were disposed to inflict it, we might easily cull passages from his book which would authorise all his successors never to speak of him as any thing else than 'a certain traveller.' But, as it is, we believe, his first offence, and as the reputation of our favourite cannot suffer from such observations, we will forgive him this time, and will endeavour to convince our readers that his book is not so despicable as, from this specimen of the way in which he treats his brethren, they might naturally suspect.

In the diary of the Journey over the Pampas, there is nothing at all remarkable. The following account of the scenery in these deserts is as interesting as any passage it contains:

*Monday, 6th.* 'Left San Luis at ten, with a relay of twenty horses. Met a Mr. B. from Mendoza; and travelled on through brushwood and trees, at times cutting our way through till we arrived at the post of Represa, seven leagues; from whence, we took fresh horses, and after passing seven leagues over a tolerable road, saw the beautiful lake of Chorillas on the left, with the hills of San Luis rising on the opposite shore. Leaving this, a vast plain again extends to the right as far as the eye can reach; but our road still lay through brushwood and trees; and it was late before we arrived at a pulperia, situated on the banks of the Rio Desaguadero, which separates the province of San Luis from Mendoza. Here we remained for the night, being too late to cross the river; and the novel scene fully compensated for our detention. It was a lovely moonlight night: on the opposite shore were about twenty wagons of the country drawn up, and upwards of a hundred mule-loads of wine regularly laid out in a circle, forming an encampment, waiting to cross over: on our side, were about the same number; the cattle were feeding by the sides of the wagons, and the mules straying about, picking up what they could. In the midst of these various encampments, were seven or eight fires on each side of the river; round which, were different groups of eight or ten persons, some preparing their suppers. Their long knives and dark countenances were easily distinguished as they were laughing over the pots on the blazing fires. Others were smoking, others singing, and some bringing fire-wood. The noon sparkling on the rippling Desaguadero, with the flocks of goats and kids bleating about our abode, made it altogether a scene peculiarly novel, wild, and interesting.'—Pp. 66-68.

Lieutenant Brand crossed the Cordillera of the Andes in August, the depth of the Chilian winter. To this circumstance, his narrative is indebted for any thing that it may contain which is different from the accounts of other travellers.

We will spare our readers the description of the Cumbre, or highest point, of the Andes. Of course, all Lieutenant Brand or any other traveller who tries to describe his feelings can do, is to ring the changes upon the words 'grand,' 'awful,' and 'magnificent;' and, as these words are also in the habit of being used in connection with Mr. Shiel's Metaphors, Mr. Soane's Palaces, and Mr. Robert Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity, they do not very distinctly denote what is peculiar in the Andes. Lieut. Brand occasionally endeavours to help them out with his reflections 'on the spot'—a fearful expedient! The adjectives we tolerate, as mere words of course, put in by the printer without any directions from the writer. But, when a man declares that he can stand at the foot of a mountain and reflect, even though he be a traveller, we must disbelieve him. No human being surely ever reached such a point of depravity as to be capable at such a moment of any mental act whatever—of any thing but simple passiveness—unconditional submission.

The account of the descent from these mountains is curious and interesting:

*Thursday, 23d.* We started very early, with a fine morning, being determined to push on as fast as possible, for fear of the weather changing: our descent



became so rapid, that we were running half the time. At the distance of a league, came to a cross, erected to the memory of a companion of one of our peons, who perished that winter under circumstances exactly similar to those our young lad was saved from. At three leagues came to the Cuesta de Conchal. This was a dreadful descent, leading down to an awful depth below, with the river running at the bottom, but a very short distance to the right. It was really terrific to look down; and I am speaking within the opinion of many whom I have consulted on the subject, when I say, that it was at least eleven or twelve hundred feet in a direct descent; in all parts so steep, that there was no possibility of standing; many parts were also hard and slippery, and how to get down this was now our task, which I should never have thought in the power of human beings to accomplish, had I not witnessed it and done it myself: so little are we aware what we are capable of performing, till brought to the trial.

I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing it possible they would attempt it. However, the loads were cast off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the peons prepared, and, laying themselves flat on their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after the other, with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity: one turned, and rolled once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom without the slightest injury. Now, I thought this would never do for me; so I waited to see how my companion would manage. He approached the brink, and working a hole first to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way in the snow, so that it might support him to lower himself down a little, and then dig another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go, and slid the rest in a sitting posture. Now came my turn: I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the hanging posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but was much longer about it; first working a hole with my stick, and putting my heel in it; then working another hole, and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me; and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, while I worked myself steps with my stick, till I passed the steepest part: then I let go, lying flat on my back, and went down with amazing velocity, a distance of five hundred feet. Coming down this place occupied me nearly two hours; but I would not have let go on the steepest part for all the gold and silver in the mines of Peru.

Descending at this rapid rate, it may be imagined, caused a great change of temperature; for, as we advanced, we found the snow getting softer, consequently our labour greater, sinking in some places far above the knees. At length we met our peons from Chili, who had horses and mules for us at the foot of the snow, which, they informed us, extended within a league of La Guardia. Still pushing forward, we arrived at the horses, and cleared the snow about four P.M. very much fatigued.—Pp. 153-156.

After our author comes upon *terra firma*, his narrative encounters a still more dangerous rival than the one we have already mentioned. Capt. Basil Hall, *facile princeps* of naval writers, has described Valparaiso and Lima; and Lieut. Brand has actually nothing to say of these two places, or of the countries to which they belong, which Capt. Hall has not said much better before. The dress of the Lima ladies, the celebrated '*sayo y manto*,' has been already described by this traveller, who, with a mixture of sailor-like and philosophical candour, has admitted that the impropriety which it expresses to British eyes, may not be felt by the inhabitants of Peru. The Lieutenant is not so tolerant. English ladies wear their petticoats over their heels,—and anathemata on those who think it more comely to wear them over their heads! The author quotes a long letter from a North American lady, in support of his opinion of the wickedness of this costume—a grave authority truly. No one, we suppose, doubts that any fair advocate for supralapsarian petticoats would persecute to the death, supporters of the sublapsarian heresy: the only question is, whether we of the other sex in London and Lima have not enough to do in badgering each other for

being Catholics and Protestants, without assisting them in the work of extermination.

As Lieutenant Brand cautiously passes over the most interesting subject connected with these infant countries, their political condition, we must not spend any more time upon his volume. Lest, however, any of our former observations should have seemed harsh, we must in conclusion thank him for his volume, which is evidently the work of an honest, well-meaning man, which will fill up some blanks in the narratives of former travels, and which is never disagreeable, except when the author, instead of keeping up his character of a plain-spoken seaman, attempts to be a wit and a philosopher.

#### WALSH ON ANCIENT COINS.

*An Essay on Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems, as illustrating the Progress of Christianity in the Early Ages. By the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D. 12mo. pp. 140. London, 1828.*

THE author of this little book is very favourably known by his '*Journey from Constantinople to England*,' not long since published. He seems to have spent several years in European and Asiatic Turkey, and was led to pay attention to the works of ancient art which were thus thrown in his way. He made a collection of gems and medals, and some of these, together with others obtained from his friends, are here engraved and described. The first medal mentioned by Dr. Walsh, and the most curious, is commemorated as follows:

'In the year 1812, a peasant in the county of Cork, in Ireland, was digging potatoes, accompanied by his daughter, who picked them up, as they were thrown above the ground. Among them she found, encrusted with clay, what she thought to be a large button, and handing it to her father, he rubbed the edge on the sleeve of his coat, and in a short time it became bright, like gold. He now imagined he had gained a prize, and proceeded with it to his landlord, Mr. Corlett, a gentleman of Cork, of the Society of Friends. He further cleaned it, and found it to be an antique medal of singular structure and device. On one side was the head of our Saviour, and on the other a Hebrew inscription; both, however, considerably injured by time. As the place where the potatoes were planted had been the site of a very ancient monastery, coeval with the first introduction of Christianity into Ireland, but of which even the ruins had long since disappeared, it was imagined, with every probability, that this medal had been brought into Ireland by some of the religious community at a very early period, and, as such, was an object of great interest. Facsimiles, therefore, were taken from it, and sent about, and, in a short time, it excited in no slight degree the attention of the learned, and various conjectures were made as to its age and origin. About this time a medal of a similar kind came into my possession, obtained from a Polish Jew, at Rostock, in Germany; and, on comparing it with that found in Ireland, it appeared to be an exact counterpart, and struck from the same die. As it had not suffered the same injuries from attrition and erosion, it was in a highly perfect state of preservation, and the letters, which were much injured in the former, and caused some obscurity in the inscription, were in this sharp and distinct as when they were struck. But the bust of Christ was singularly beautiful: it had a pensive sublimity in its air and character that exactly accorded with our ideas of its great prototype, as if he had sat for the picture; and the execution denoted it to have been the production of an era when the arts were in the highest vigour.

'It must have been intended either for a circulating coin, a medal to commemorate an interesting event, a relic to gratify pious credulity, or an amulet, or charm, to protect the wearer against injury or misfortune. All these opinions are adopted by different writers; but whatever might have been the origin, there is strong evidence that it was generally applied to the fourth purpose, and used as an amulet, in that class of superstitious fabrications which were so highly prized in the first ages of Christianity. Such was the opinion of the Jew from whom it was purchased, who had marked it '*Christian Talisman*,' and parted with it as a thing highly valuable to a Christian, but of no importance to a Jew.'—Pp. 4-8.

Then comes the cabalistic interpretation of the inscription; and, after some historical notices, the account of the medal ends with the following sentences:

'The metal of which it is composed is a singular composition; it is much paler than brass, does not tarnish by exposure to air, and might be mistaken for pure gold, did not its exceeding levity immediately detect it. Its weight in air is 262.76 grains, and its loss in water 31.16, giving a specific gravity of 8.45. It has another remarkable property which distinguishes it; it is very sonorous, and it thus seems identified with the *χαλκός ἡγνός* of the New Testament, which might have been the object of the apostle's allusion, as well because it was light, as because it was '*sounding*.'

'The obverse represents the head of our Saviour as described in the letter said to be sent by Lentulus to Tiberius; his hair divided after the manner of the Nazarenes, plain to his ears, and waving on his shoulders; his beard thick, not long but forked, the face beautiful, and the bust fine; over the whole the tunic falls in graceful folds. On the obverse is the Hebrew letter *aleph*, with the Jewish name of Jesus. On the reverse is this inscription: '*The Messiah has reigned; he came in peace, and, being made the light of man, he lives.*'"—Pp. 11, 12.

The subsequent twenty or thirty pages are applied to giving an account of the various sects which the vague abuse of their adversaries has confounded under the name of Gnostics. When we remember over how many countries what were called Gnostic doctrines prevailed, for how long a period, and under such diverse creeds and leaders, on how much of what is best in natural religion, in the philosophies of Pythagoras and Plato, they founded their belief, how entirely our knowledge of them is derived from their bitterest enemies, how absurd are many of the fables they report, and that Clement of Alexandria represents the perfection of the Christian character under the name of a Gnostic,—we confess we are inclined to believe that Dr. Walsh is too credulous and indiscriminate in his condemnation of these sectarians.

It is, unhappily, but too certain that, amid the mass of pure theology and valuable history in the writings of the Fathers, there is mixed so much of superstition, credulity, and rancour, as to make their testimony of much less value than it would otherwise have been, and to lead us to turn with the more frequent and gratified earnestness to the uncontaminated works of the Evangelists and Apostles. In reading the later Christian writers, Dr. Walsh should remember that such charges as that of murdering and eating children, are easy to be made, and, from their very atrocity, sure to be commonly received. The imputation of such horrors has, in all ages, been used as a ready instrument against every opponent. There is no country in which they have not been propagated by the cunning, and greedily received by the ignorant. Such reports were spread about the Scythian tribes of the Middle Ages. They were flung against the unhappy Jews of the same periods. They were current in England, in the civil war of the 17th century. The citizens of London believed that the Highlanders who rebelled in 1745, were accustomed to fricassee babies; and the Spanish vulgarly attributed the same culinary taste to the Russians, when it was reported, five or six years ago, that the Muscovites were about to overrun the Peninsula.

That, however, some of the sects called Gnostic, were abundantly foolish and wicked, even the gems published by Dr. Walsh—were there not a flood of other evidence—would amply prove. Several of their talismans which he engraves, have been published neither by Montfaucon nor Kircher, nor, so far as we are aware, by any other antiquarian. Their general character, however, is precisely that of the specimens before known, though there is considerable variety in some of the details. The strange mixture of Pagan and Christian emblems, the compound reference for the serpent and for him whose tail has bruised its head, with all the singular and fantastic array of

cabalistic superstitions, which crowd the faces of these curious amulets, have uniformly excited considerable curiosity among the learned. Yet we confess that neither those explanations of previous writers which have fallen in our way, nor the conjectures of Dr. Walsh, give us complete satisfaction. There is probably much of truth in them; but, put together all that they have asserted, or even conjectured, and we have still made but little way towards understanding the whole system of elaborate weakness and superstitious wickedness which made up the popular faith of the Lower Empire. This faith was, in our opinion, the most curious exhibition of the tendency to believe in something higher than nature, and stronger than natural causes, than the whole history of mankind supplies. That tendency has displayed itself in every age and country, without a single exception; and we find its fruits alike in the fragments of sublime tradition, interwoven with the Book of Genesis, in the miserable delusions of Hindoo priestcraft, and in the gipsy witcheries which still terrify English children. The history of vulgar superstition is utterly inseparable from that of religion; for every great and master law of our nature has its opposite dark and foul propensity: and men have never hitherto been so much improved as to give development to the former, without the latter springing up as an attendant evil. But the men who, to extirpate superstition, would destroy religion, and pluck out the tares at the expense of ruining the harvest, show themselves as bad philosophers as the wretched and trembling believer in witchcraft. The most curious pages in the history (a history which still remains to be written) of these vulgar, but most powerful errors, will be devoted to the subjects of which Dr. Walsh has treated a portion. They will require not only investigators with the kind of talent of Young and Champollion, but also psychologists of the stamp, not of Hume, nor even of Schlegel, but of Plato and Coleridge.

We cannot pursue Dr. Walsh through all the details of his agreeable book; but we shall give a few extracts:

'The next class is that where the serpent forms a part of some other figure. The fac-simile here given represents it as forming the legs of a human body, surmounted with a cock's head. The gem from which it is copied, is a blood-stone in the collection of Viscount Strafford, who has others of the same kind; and indeed it so frequently occurs as a Gnostic emblem, that it seems to have been considered as a representation of the God of the Christians, and, as we shall see, was placed on the coins of the Roman emperors as the image of Christianity. The cock in Greek and Roman mythology was the bird sacred to the sun and moon, and this opinion was introduced by Pythagoras who had studied for twenty years in Egypt, and learned the mysteries of the priests. In the fourteenth symbol he directs that the cock should be nourished, not sacrificed, for it was sacred to the sun and moon. The vigilance and announcement of the approach of the sun by this bird, intimated a connection, and the comb and gills suggested a fanciful resemblance of rays issuing from the head. In one hand he holds a scourge as urging on the steeds, and in the other a shield, as representing the disk. The cock was also dedicated to Mars, and in some gems the head is surmounted by that warrior issuing from it, indicating that he was the deity intended. These figures are accompanied by a variety of legends, sometimes the names of the seven angels who were supposed to have created the world, and sometimes IAAHAA, which is interpreted 'the angel of the Lord.' In the Gem here exhibited, the mystic word IAO is seen between the serpent-like feet. On the opposite face are the seven vowels, forming the elements of a figure which obtained great celebrity for its supposed efficacy. By dropping a letter in each succeeding word, at every repetition of the vowels, an equilateral triangle or cone is formed, to which they annexed potent medical virtues. This secret the Gnostics wrapped up in the letters of their inscription; but Quintus Serenus Samonicus, a learned physician of the school of Basilides, was more explicit.\* He con-

structed from it his celebrated Amulet of Abracadabra against Tertian Ague, and gives directions for forming it by abstracting a letter from every line,

"Donec in angustum redigatur litera conum."

I shall mention another of this device, rendered still more curious from the circumstances connected with it, which were communicated to me by Colonel Belford, in whose possession the gem now is, and who had it from his father. Immediately after the battle of Culloden, the baggage of Prince Charles Edward fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland's army; and many private and curious articles in his cabinet came into the possession of the late General Belford, who took it. Among the rest was a stone set in silver, attached to a ring, which proved to be a Gnostic amulet. It is highly probable that the superstitious Prince had obtained it on the continent, as a charm, and carried it as a protection in the hazardous enterprise in which he was engaged. It is a ruby blood-stone: on one face is the figure represented on the former, having the serpent feet turned both to the same side as the shield, and the whole form evidently threatening hostility, a position and expression which is very unusual, and which occurs but once in fac-similes of Kircher and Montfaucon. In this attitude of offence it represented, not the sun, but Mars, and so seems an appropriate emblem for the occasion on which it was used. Beside the figure is the inscription IAO. On the other face is a female naked figure, probably Isis, with the inscription ATI TA.—No. 7.—Pp. 49—54.

The gem to which the next quotation alludes, is not of a form so rare as Dr. Walsh supposes. The shape is that of great numbers of the small and rude Etruscan relics, which are familiar to every one at all acquainted with Italian antiquities. In most of those we have seen, the device is on the flat face, instead of being cut on the Scarabæan convexity. The Egyptian beetle, which he refers to as in the British Museum, is an enormous and ponderous mass, brought to England, if we remember, at an expense of several hundred pounds, and, for any purposes of science or taste, not worth as many farthings. It does not even exhibit a single hieroglyphic. Such are the doings of men, who, rather than do a benefit to poor Belzoni, (but Belzoni was obnoxious to the late Mr. Salt, and to the powerful influence of an M.P., whose Eastern travels have given him an unpleasant notoriety,) would have let the most beautiful and curious sarcophagus in the world be sent to Saxony. Thanks to Mr. Soane, it is still in England. The following is the passage of Dr. Walsh to which we refer:

'The Gem which follows is of an unusual form. It is a cornelian, and in my collection. The scarabæus, or beetle, is known to have been among the commonest emblems of Egyptian hieroglyphics, a representation of the solar influence in the sidereal, and of the regal power in the political, system. It is found in all their pillars, sarcophagi, and other remains of ancient art; and the enormous beetle seen in the British Museum, is a proof of the respect in which they held the form, by the immense size in which they represented it. It is consequently found on the gems of the Gnostics, with different figures and inscriptions accompanying it. On one is the word ΦΗ, the Koptic name for sun; on another is a beetle, with Isis on the opposite side, holding in her arms two children, the emblem of maternal fecundity. On the gem here presented, the insect is not cut on the stone, but the stone is formed into the shape of the insect; and on the convex back is represented Isis, or the Egyptian Ceres, reclined beside the Nile, with two vases of Egyptian corn, the emblem of vegetable fecundity, naturally expressed by symbols of the sun's rays and the Nile: from the head issues the lotus, and in one hand is held a Nilometer, and in the other a vase of corn.'—Pp. 63-65.

After figuring, describing, and, as far as possible, explaining many of these curious talismans, —in his eyes, the evidences of Gnostic heresy, in ours, of popular superstition,—Dr. Walsh proceeds to enforce the opinion, that the corruptions of Christianity which they testify, afford a new ground for believing the necessity of a miraculous support to Christianity during the earlier ages. This is a subject which has been much discussed, in consequence of the lucubrations of Mr. Gibbon. But we confess, that, in our view, it is only extraordinary that so important a ques-

tion should be regarded as much affected by the writings of that clever historian; for, in spite of its elaborate style and sufficient learning, his fifteenth chapter seems to us especially deficient in argumentative power and philosophic might. To speak of nothing else, we should imagine that none who has observed the effect of religion on many minds, can doubt the very slight efficacy of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, one of the main instruments mentioned by Mr. Gibbon for the spreading of Christianity. However, it seems to us, that, exactly in proportion as you exalt the power of that supposed interposition in favour of Christianity, exactly to that degree you weaken the merits of the religion itself. Were we not believers in a particular Providence, we should yet see, in the truth and universality of the Christian doctrine, in its conformity to all our better feelings, and its resolution of our most painful doubts, ample reasons for its prosperity and permanence. And believing, as we do, that not a sparrow falls to the ground, that not a thought moves in our minds, without the knowledge of God, we yet need hold no general protection of our religion, not involved in that particular assistance which has been promised to every earnest inquirer after truth. When we are told that the errors and corruptions which swarmed round Christianity at its first promulgation, made its general reception more difficult, and the help of God more needful, we answer, that these corruptions are the very evidence that the new religion had taken a strong grasp upon the minds of men. It was felt to be an engine of enormous and immeasurable power, and that power was its truth. It did not make more corrupt,—nay, far less so; but, like a mighty wind—a wind in which the Lord was—the spirit of Christianity rolled before it all the waters of human feeling, and they were carried along with them their scum and slime, and the reptiles born of the slime.

The remainder of the book refers to the coins of the later Emperors. It is neatly, though superficially, executed, and gives all the information necessary for understanding the coins. We very much question some of his explanations of the letters on the *Exargues*. But that portion of the work is so vague and difficult, that any one may be excused for being wrong, where scarcely any one can be right. In some parts of the narrative, (such, for instance, as the death of Julian,) there is a leaning to believe Christian authorities merely because they are Christian, and to treat our religion with a degree of favouritism of which it can never stand in need. This, however, in a clergyman, and a learned man, is a very venial error, and one amply atoned for by many and great merits. The book is both pleasant and useful, and sometimes original, without being ever paradoxical.

#### ELOQUENCE.

A professor, whose lectures were generally nearly terminated ere the students had all arrived, commenced his observations lately on the neglect, by observing, 'The first who shall in future arrive the last, &c.'

#### DUELING.

The King of Prussia has recently issued the most severe orders against duelling, which has increased, to a fearful degree, in his Majesty's dominions. He directs that all disputes shall be referred to a Court of Honor.

#### MADemoiselle BOURGOIN,

in one of her conversations with Bonaparte, insinuated, in the most flattering terms, the pleasure it would give her to possess a portrait of his Majesty. Napoleon generously as condescendingly, instantly complied with the fair one's request, by presenting her with a piece of five francs.

#### AN ARCHBISHOP.

'Your Grace's late speech was listened to, I assure you, with the most profound attention,' said a Nobleman to a certain Prelate; 'undoubtedly,' observed a stander-by, 'and with watch in hand.'

\* Serenus Samonicus lived in the reign of Gordian, and was tutor to Gordian junior. He was killed along with many others in a bath. He has left sundry directions for using these gems.



DEFICIENCIES OF THE LIBRARY OF THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

An establishment like the British Museum, it will be granted, is chiefly useful (not as a suite of show-rooms for idle lawyers, but) in supplying to students, and to men of literary and scientific research, the deficiencies of private or provincial collections; in forming a central focus in which the scattered rays of knowledge are united; and in constituting a prominent feature in the national physiognomy. In all these points of view, the British Museum appears to be materially wanting, and is, in fact, more like the nucleus or basement of what it should be, than an establishment of which we can nationally boast. Efforts, indeed, have of late been making to render the collections more perfect, and to give larger space for their display, but the improvements appear not by any means to keep pace with the sums expended; and it will not be difficult to show, that great neglect exists in almost every department of the establishment, neglect which seems not to depend either upon the want of resources or want of room—two prominent causes of complaint, which have been adduced to meet every charge of deficiency by those who dislike the very shadow of reform. As it would lend us over too wide a field to take up all the departments of the Museum in a single paper, we shall for the present confine ourselves to the state of the Library, supposed, if we mistake not, to be one of the most complete portions of the establishment.

At the outset, we are most willing to allow, that the Library is rich in manuscripts, particularly in those relating to British History, of which there are ample catalogues; and it is but justice to the Librarians to add, that they afford every facility in their power to those who wish to consult them. The richness of the manuscript department, however, being more a matter of accidental request than under the influence of the regular routine by which the Library is supplied with printed books, it comes less in our way to point out deficiencies, which could not be well obviated, since valuable collections of MSS. seldom come into the market.

The printed books in the Library are under very different circumstances. The law, as it stands at present, enacts, that the British Museum Library is entitled, gratuitously, to one copy of every book published in the empire. The impolicy and injustice of this tax upon literature have been repeatedly and powerfully exposed; but with this we have at present nothing to do. If the Legislature could find no other fund for the supply of the public libraries of the kingdom than an oppressive tax upon the publication of the books themselves, it must give foreigners but a sorry opinion of our national character, compared with the liberal patronage of literature, and no less princely libraries, in more than one of the capitals of the continent. Till some other plan, however, shall be devised, of supplying the Library of the British Museum with printed books, we must submit to the degradation of wringing them out of the hard-earned profits of authors, for here the tax ultimately falls. What we have to complain of is, that it is partially levied, and the Library is consequently rendered imperfect as a national depot of the literature and science of the day. If a student, calculating upon this oppressive literary tax, expect to find every recently published work in the British Museum Library, we can tell him he will meet with frequent disappointments, where he would have least anticipated them. He will find we admit many of the most valuable late publications; but if his researches be in any particular line of study, which requires him to examine a complete series of the newest works relating to it, he must be prepared to lay his account with the absence of many books which in all fairness ought to be in the Library,—as we shall specifically prove.

To us these deficiencies appear to add considerably to the oppressive nature of the literary tax. Suppose, for example, that an author is bringing out a work with expensive illustrations, for which he must pay, directly or indirectly, the tax of eleven copies, one of which goes to the British Museum. It would be some equivalent to him to be saved the expense of the numerous works which it might be necessary for him to consult, by finding them at the library where part of the tax is directly levied. But when he comes to inspect the catalogue, copious as it is, he will soon discover that it is so deficient in complete sets of books—even of recent books which ought to be there—that he will be compelled both to pay the tax, and purchase the books which are indispensable to his undertaking. We hope, therefore, till some more efficient system be adopted, either for abrogating this oppressive tax, or for levying it with more impartiality and fairness, that the advocates for things as they are—with all their abuses—unregenerate and unreformed—will not again tell us of the tax being in part compensated by affording a gratuitous library of *all* the works published in Britain.

We do not make the preceding charges on vague surmise and rash assertion. We are prepared to prove them by reference to the library catalogue; and at the very outset we affirm that, out of a list of a hundred books in one particular department of science, amounting to more than twice that number of volumes, we did not find in the British Museum more than one half. Had the books wanting been obscure works of small value, and seldom sought for, there might have been a partial excuse; though, even in this point of view, we should be disposed to consider such a library worthy of vituperation; for the most obscure and worthless book may be of great importance in the elucidation of a particular point, and works of this description are generally very hard to be met with, if they are not preserved in such repositories as the Library of the British Museum ought to be. But many of the books which we found wanting were works of the highest character, and indispensable to the modern study of the subjects upon which they treat. Some of these, we allow, were foreign; but we shall first refer to British publications, which the literary tax gives the curators of the Museum the power of obtaining gratuitously, and which we complain of being very partially procured.

The department of science to which we have alluded above is natural history, a study now becoming again popular, after remaining for some years in a state of comparative dormancy, chiefly caused, as it appears to us, by the dry, repulsive technicalities of the Linnæan systems. One of the best works for re-attracting the public taste to this delightful study is unquestionably 'Griffith's Animal Kingdom,' in which Cuvier's 'Regne Animal' is not only translated, but extensive additions have been made to the original from recent or recondite books of voyages and travels; and figures, admirably executed, are given, in many cases, from specimens of animals now living, several of which were previously non-descript. This work, which has been in the course of publication for several years, is not in the Library of the British Museum.

The name of Donovan must be familiar to every English student of Natural History. This author has published a very extensive and expensive series of coloured figures of British zoology, with very excellent letter-press descriptions and anecdotes.

It has been sometimes objected to Donovan's works, that the figures are too gaudily coloured, and the descriptions not of the highest order of science; but we find them referred to and quoted as authorities in almost every work on the subject, foreign as well as English; and we cannot but consider it a defect in the library of

the British Museum, that though it has (very recently) had a part of these added to it, there are still wanting 'Donovan's British Insects,' 'Shells,' and 'Fishes,' while they have his 'Insects of China,' and of 'India,' which, to a mere English naturalist, are of less value.

Another work of very high character on the zoology of our own country, is 'Stephens's Illustrations of British Entomology,' now in the course of publication, and of which fourteen Numbers have been published. Mr. Stephens is decidedly one of our first zoologists, and possesses, by far, the most complete cabinet of British Insects ever collected. But the student or the amateur will search in vain for this superior work in the British Museum.

The 'Illustrations of Zoology,' by James Wilson, lately reviewed in 'The Athenæum,' and which it would be superfluous again to praise for its accuracy, its beauty, and its attractive interest, is another of the works which we miss in the Catalogue; as well as the no less beautiful and interesting work by Sir William Jardine and Mr. Selby, entitled 'Illustrations of Ornithology,' of which three parts have already been published. In looking up the name of Jardine, we could not help being struck with indignant surprise to miss the late venerable 'Professor Jardine's Outlines of Philosophical Education' in the Catalogue, though it was not one of the works which we expressly wanted.

Every British botanist must be acquainted with the high reputation of 'Curtis's Flora Londinensis,' a work which cannot fail to be in some requisition in the library; and, it must be granted, that they have the two first volumes; but the no less interesting 'Continuation,' by Professor Hooker, is wanting.

Amongst distinguished works on British Zoology also, works indispensable to the student and the amateur, we find that the British Museum Library possesses no copies of 'Haworth's Lepidoptera Britannica,' nor 'Marshall's Entomologia Britannica,' works which are referred to in every page in the more accessible books on the subject.

We might excuse the curators, perhaps, for not having such works as 'Sweet's Gerania,' &c., which are more calculated for the drawing-room than the study; but surely the same author's 'British Warblers,' and the interesting additions which Mr. Sweet has made to the 'Natural History of the genus Sylvia,' from personal observation and experiment in his ingenious aviary at Chelsea, ought to have a place in the library, in preference—if preference is to be shown—to volumes of trash now on the shelves.

Such are a few of the British publications (most of them, if we mistake not, published since the enactment of the law imposing the literary tax) in which we have found the Museum Library deficient. We had noted a few more of inferior merit, which we think it superfluous to particularize. The inference, it will be granted, we think, is perfectly fair, that when so many important works are wanting in a single department of science, similar deficiencies will exist upon subjects for which we have not examined the Catalogue; and the want of Professor Jardine's work, just mentioned, which we discovered by accident, gives force to the conclusion.

When we found the library so lamentably deficient in British works—many of which also were expressly devoted to the natural history of the empire—we could not reasonably anticipate that it would have a more complete collection of foreign works, on the same subjects. The first work, accordingly, which we looked for, that of the celebrated Buffon, was not to be found, neither in the original nor in any language, English or foreign. We are well aware that Buffon's works are not considered to possess a scientific character, and in his Natural History of so well-known an animal as the sheep, Lord Kaimes assures us, that scarcely one fact is correct. Yet,

in all books on Zoology, Buffon is referred to, and there can be no question, that what he wanted in scientific accuracy, he made up for by elegance and eloquence, qualities which modern naturalists require as much to study, as the scientific systems of Linnaeus, Cuvier, Jussieu, or Latreille, if they are desirous of rescuing their favourite science from the unpopularity into which repulsive scientific systems have thrown it. It is, therefore, a glaring defect in the Museum Library, to have no copy, in any language, of the works of so celebrated and eloquent an author as Buffon.

In Ornithology, M. Timminck is, we believe, unrivalled by any living naturalist, if we except, perhaps, M. Audubon, who has at least a more practical, if not so profound a scientific knowledge of birds. But we looked in vain for the works of either of these distinguished ornithologists in the library. Timminck's 'Manuel d'Ornithologie,' besides, it may be mentioned, is a cheap work, selling, if we mistake not, at eight or ten francs.

The continuation, by Charles Buonaparte, of Wilson's splendid production of genius, the 'American Ornithology,' is also wanting in the Museum; and the original work itself, though published many years ago, was only added to the library within the present season; at least, we could never discover its existence there before last month.

Cuvier's magnificent work, entitled 'Histoire Naturelle des Mammifères,' of which nearly sixty livraisons have been published, is not in the Museum; and we also looked in vain for the 'Tableaux de la Nature, par Humboldt,' the celebrated philosophical traveller. On Comparative Anatomy, we also miss the work of the celebrated Professor Blainville, so much esteemed at Paris, and published (at least the first volume) four or five years ago.

In Botany, we were equally disappointed at not finding Hedwig's 'Species Muscorum,' with Schwägrichen's 'Supplementum,' particularly, as we wished to compare some of his species with those in the 'Musculogica Britannica' of Hooker and Taylor. The only works of Hedwig, which are in the library, are his 'Fundamentum,' and his 'Theorie.'

In Entomology, we found the most lamentable deficiency in foreign works of reputation, particularly those lately published, (meaning by lately within the last twenty years.) Without particularizing the merits of these works, however, as we have thought it right briefly to do, with the works alluded to in the preceding paragraphs, we shall merely mention the titles—few, pledging ourselves that they are all works of merit and reputation, for their scientific value and therefore ought to have found a place in a library like that of the British Museum.

AHRENS, Fauna Insectorum Europae.  
BILBERG, Monographia Mylabridum.  
COQUEBERT, Illustratio iconographica Insectorum.  
CRAMER, Papillous Exotiques.  
CLAIRVILLE, Entomologie Helvetique.  
FALLEN, Monographia Cimicis, &c.  
FISCHER, Entomographia.  
FERMAR, Insectorum Species novae.  
GYLLENHAL, Insecta Suecica.  
HEROLD, Entwicklungsgeschichte der Schmetterlinge anat. &c.  
HUBNER, Der gamlung Europäischen Schmetterlinge.  
ILLIGER, Terminologie.  
KNORR, Vergnügen der Augen, &c.  
LATREILLE and DE JEAN, Coleoptères d'Europe.  
NIESEN, Nouvelle Classification.  
OCHSENHEIMER die Schmetterlinge, &c.  
PANZER, Fauna Insectorum.  
SCHELLENBERG, Genres des Mantes, &c.  
Cimicum in Helvetiae aquis et terris degentium genus.

To this copious list of deficiencies we may add a book published, we may say at the very threshold of the Museum itself, by the Zoologist of the establishment, Dr. William Elford Leach, whose

work, entitled 'Malacostraca Podophthalma Britanniae,' is not in the Library; and, to add to the inconvenience, the crabs, lobsters, prawns, &c., in the Museum, are chiefly arranged under the novel names proposed in this work.

These specific facts, we think; will be considered ample proof of our charges of deficiency in the Library Department of the British Museum. In some future page, we shall attempt to show deficiencies no less glaring in the other departments of the establishment.

## HORÆ HISPANICÆ.

Calderon.

We believe that the uninventive dramatist may plunder the Spanish theatre with as little risk of detection, at the present moment, as when Corneille arrayed his 'Cid' in the borrowed robes of Guillen del Castro, a fact which he first forgot to mention, then stoutly denied, and ultimately was compelled to acknowledge. We fear that the lofty and eloquent praises which the two Schlegels have so liberally bestowed on Calderon, have not availed to direct the English students of foreign literature to the pure inspiration and almost limitless invention of this great and neglected poet. In Germany, we understand, it is far otherwise: many of his plays have been translated into German, and not a few are popular on the stage. We know not how far the illustrious critics to whom we alluded have contributed to this result; whether they led, or only followed, opinion: most probably the latter; for, from various reasons, into which we have no inclination at present to enter, their names scarcely carry with them that authority which otherwise their distinguished talents might entitle them to claim. Even the change which one of them made in his religion, has most unfairly been brought forward, as casting a suspicion over his literary opinions: it has been asserted that he has unduly extolled the Catholic poets of Spain and Portugal, and especially Calderon, who, from the number of his plays drawn from the legends of saints and the like sources, may be called emphatically, the Poet of Catholicism. 'In these,' says Schlegel, in one of the passages which have afforded a colour to the charge, 'his mind is most distinctly expressed: he paints love with general features merely, he speaks her technical, poetical language. Religion is his peculiar love, the heart of his heart.' Without being prepared to go the whole way with Schlegel, when he places Calderon only beneath Shakespeare, we can confidently assert that he deserves infinitely more attention than has yet been paid to him in England. Much, certainly, in his 'Theatre' is at variance with our preconceived notions of dramatic poetry; and unfortunately this is not an age of literary toleration, and still more unfortunately, it is an age which assumes that it has a great deal. The proximate reason of this false assumption seems to be this: our critics, thinking themselves bound to belong to one of the two parties of the Classicists or Romanticists, and driven to that of the latter by Shakespeare and our other early dramatists, are apt to take great credit to themselves for the liberality of their opinions and their contempt for Boileau and the exclusive canons. But their toleration is the growth of accidental circumstances, not of extended and philosophical views: it is partial, and apt altogether to desert them when they approach the contemplation of poetry affected by local circumstances entirely at variance with our own. And it is these local circumstances which, whenever ancient or modern poetry has arisen out of a poetic perception of nature and human life, rather than out of reading or philosophical abstraction, give to the creations of the mind the true impress of reality. It is not the writer who seeks to recommend himself by a theoretically cultivated and universal style of poetry, but rather he, who, without a servile deference for his own age, yet writes for his own countrymen—that will please the longest

and the most, and that not only at home, but abroad.

We must reserve to some future occasion a sketch of the Spanish stage, and an analysis of the character of Calderon as a poet and a dramatist. For the present, it will be sufficient to give our readers some account of a play which may excite interest from the fact, that it has probably supplied some hints to Goethe in his 'Faust.' Such an opinion has been already started. In Medwin's 'Conversations of Lord Byron,' Mr. Shelley, if we remember rightly, has alluded to this circumstance; and, in his 'Posthumous Poems,' some beautifully translated scenes from the Spanish play are published in juxtaposition to others from the 'Faust.' We must submit to a charge of arrogance and rivalry, as useless as it would be presumptuous, unless our readers will believe that a partial trespass, in the selection of our specimens, on those already pre-occupied by Mr. Shelley, arose from an accident not worth explaining here. The scene of the 'Magico Prodigioso,' is placed at Antioch, during the persecutions of the early Christians. Cyprian, a young philosopher, dissatisfied with the out-worn creed of Paganism, has retired in disgust from the city, which is celebrating a festival to Jupiter. The play commences with his address to two poor scholars, his attendants, who have accompanied him:

'In the sweet solitude of this loved spot,  
This tangled labyrinth of trees and flowers,  
With those few books I bade you bring from home,  
Leave me; for they are company sufficient.  
Since Antioch to-day, with pomp and feast,  
Fulfills the consecration to great Jove  
Of his new-built temple, and aloft  
Installs his image, where with fuller glory  
It may be worshipped, I would shun the turmoil  
That boils along her fervid streets and squares,  
And here in study will consume the remnant  
Of day unwasted yet. Return, my friends,  
To the city, and partake its various shows,  
And, when the falling sun is sepulchring  
His pomp among the waves, that stretched beneath  
The dim low line of clouds, are a silver tomb  
For the great corpse of gold,—then seek me here.'

They go out, and he pursues his theological studies, which are interrupted by the entrance of no less a personage than the Devil, disguised as a gentleman in a gala dress; for, it must be observed, that, almost to the last, he preserves a strict incognito, and makes no boast of the hoof and other insignia of his order. The Demon defends the creed of Paganism against Cyprian's doubts, but is ultimately confuted, and departs more than ever determined on the destruction of his successful antagonist. Every one will remember that it is during the theological labours of Faust, that Mephistopheles first makes himself manifest, at least in *propria persona*. Cyprian soon after is instrumental in adjusting a quarrel between two rival suitors for the hand of Justina, whom he calls on with the view of learning the object of her choice: unfortunately, he falls himself in love with her, is rejected, and retires in despair to the sea-shore. Presently, the Demon arouses a tempest, causes a phantom-ship to be wrecked, and appears, as the sole survivor of the storm, before Cyprian, who attempts to console him, and finally asks to hear his story. The Demon answers:

'At thy request  
I will relate my mournful history,  
Which shadows forth all fortunes, weal or woe:  
The good has vanished—I must rue the other  
For ever and for ever. In my youth  
I stood for genius so pre-eminent,  
So glorious for the fame of my exploits,  
Of such heroic lineage, that a King,  
(I'll call him King of kings, since other Monarchs  
Shrink and are troubled at his angry frown,  
Whose palace-roof is paven with precious gems,  
'Twere small hyperbole to call them stars,  
Won by my worth—this mightiest King of all  
Named me his chiefest Minister; but I,  
Elated with his generous applause,  
Disputed his supremacy, and thought  
To set my foot upon his golden throne.'



To this Ambition urged me; I foreknew  
The penalty of failure, and have paid it.  
The attempt was mad, yet not more profitless  
Than late repentance;—so I rather chose,  
During the worst, with pride unquench'd, and will  
Not vanquish'd, and indomitable hate,  
To hurl myself down headlong, than to sue  
For sordid reconciliation. I stood not  
In opposition so alone, that many,  
Aye, many, his own vassals, dared not vote  
For me, the foe of his ill tyranny.  
But he prevailed at last, and from his court  
Vanquish'd I turned, (vanquish'd, though not in all.)  
Forth uttering poison from my mouth and eyes,  
And far my wrong was public—publicly.  
On him and his, proclaiming, as I went,  
Vengeance, and plotting insult, spoil, and death.  
Thenceforward on the ocean's turbulent plains  
My dwelling was, a vigilant pirate, lurking  
In shallows, as a lynx prepared to spring.  
In that tall vessel by the winds' light blasts  
Breathed on, and made to vanish, turned e'en now  
To ruin without dust,—in that I wander'd  
Over the glassy seas to-day; for I  
Am bound to search a mountain, stone by stone,  
And tree by tree, for in it dwells a man  
Who must fulfil his word with me, and I  
With him—our pledge is mutual. On my way  
I was array'd in tempest, and, although  
Tis mine to bridle every wind that blows  
From the four hinges of the mighty world;  
For other ends I did not, as I might,  
Soothe them to gentle west winds;—though I could,  
I say I did not: (thus on his perilous fancies [Aside.  
I touch, awakening love of cabala.)  
Do not admire my carelessness of life,  
Nor the strange powers I seem to bear about me;  
For I am tempted oft in my soul's madness  
To end this wretched being; and mine art  
And science can bedim the noon-day sun;  
In magic, whereunto my mind is given,  
I am the register of yonder orbs,  
And line by line mine eye has read them all.  
Lest this appear an idle blazonry,  
Say, wouldst thou that this desolate range of shore,  
This lofty scene, wilder than Babylon,  
Of rock piled up with forest, should disclose  
Whatever in its dim recesses lurks,  
Monstrous and strange, while yet a single leaf  
Sirs not upon its bough.

As I have said,  
E'en such am I, the homeless orphan-guest  
Of these bleak-dwelling pine-trees; and, although  
Such are my powers, at thy feet prostrated  
I ask for succour, proffering in return  
The accumulated wisdom I have stored,  
By toil and lamp-lit study. I will bring  
And subject to thy will (for thus I touch him [Aside.  
Nearest his love) the thing, whatever it be,  
Which thy most covetous and inordinate thought  
Has in imagination grasped as thine.  
And, meanwhile, as thou wilt not yet accept it,  
From courtesy, or our so brief acquaintance,  
Feed on thy fancy, for thou shalt not fail  
In the fulfilling of thine utmost wish.  
For, mindful of thy pity, I will be  
So sure a friend of thine, that neither Fortune,  
Heaping up good on good, or ill on ill,  
Exalting and debasing without mean,  
Always a miser or a prodigal,—  
Nor Time, the loadstar whereunto the years  
And winged ages flee, and fleeing, cling,—  
Nor Heaven itself, whose firmament of stars  
Is the best glory of this dim world of ours,  
Shall part us twain an instant, since in this  
My desolation thou hast been my refuge.  
And, e'en in their accomplishment, these offers  
Were little, when contrasted with my gain,  
Should I fulfil the purpose of my coming.  
'Cyp. To ocean I could almost render thanks  
That it has borne thee hither, and beside  
This mountain wrecked thee, where the amity  
I offer may with proofs be witnessed to,  
If I am fortunate enough to merit  
Thee for my guest.—Come with me, and hencefor-  
ward

Be thou my friend, nearest my heart of all,  
My guest, so long as thou'lt avail thyself  
Of my poor house.

'Dem. Then thou wilt have one thine?

'Cyp. Let this embrace knit close the eternal ties  
Of our ensuing friendship.—Oh! could I [Aside.  
Persuade him to instruct me in his art!

With that perhaps I might divert my memory  
From its sad thoughts of love, or yet perhaps  
With that obtain the enjoyment of my love,  
Of her from whom my torment springs.

'Dem. Already  
Wrapt in high thoughts of wisdom and of love!

[Aside.

It will be seen from this extract, that the evil spirit of Calderon nearer resembles the Satan of Milton than the Mephistopheles of Goethe; the resemblance, in fact, to the former is not a little striking, nor are we conscious of any approximation of language unwarranted by our original. Cabined, cribbed, and confined within the limits of an article, we shall not attempt to introduce any of the other characters to our readers, but will give one more specimen from the scene wherein Cyprian makes his soul over to his new-found friend, although we fear it will seem to many the height of extravagance. The Demon has offered to procure for Cyprian the possession of his mistress on the usual terms in such cases. Cyprian doubts his power—the Demon offers to give some proof of it, and says:

'From this balcony,

What do you see?

'Cyp. Broad fields and ample sky,  
A forest, and a mountain, and a river.

'Dem. And in the landscape what attracts you most?

'Cyp. The mountain; for it pictures her I worship.

'Dem. Thou proud competitor with Time, that wearest

A diadem of clouds, betokening thee  
Brute monarch of the plain, upon the winds  
Sail hither—know 'tis I that summon thee.

[The mountain moves from one part of the stage to the other.

Shalt thou not move a woman?—not a woman!  
When I can move a mountain?

'Cyp. I have never—

Beheld so wonderful a prodigy.  
Bird, that dividest the encumbered air,  
Thy wings the waving forest; bark, that ploughst  
The billowy winds, thy rigging the tall rocks,—  
Return, return to thy centre, and to us  
Leave fear and admiration.

'Dem. If this be not  
Sufficient evidence, what other proof  
Shall my lips utter? Wouldst thou look on her  
Whom thou adorest?

'Cyp. On.

'Dem. Then tearing wide  
Thy entrails, monster o' th' four Elements!  
Make manifest the beauty that I keep  
Hid in thy gloomy centre.

[The mountain opens, and Justina appears sleeping.

Is this she

Whom thou adorest?

'Cyp. This is she I worship.

'Dem. How thinkst thou now? Can I not make  
her thine?

'Cyp. Divinest good, and all unhop'd, to-day  
Thine arms shall be the centre of my love,  
That must drink up the sunlight, ray to ray,  
Of those bright eyes.

'Dem. Back—till the contract's signed,  
Thou canst not touch her. [The mountain closes.

'Cyp. Oh, a moment hold!

Dark cloud! that dost obscure the brightest sun  
That ever dawn'd on my despair!—woe's me,  
I only clasp the unsubstantial winds.  
I do believe thy substance,—I confess  
I am thy slave, the vassal of thy will  
For ever.—Say what wouldst thou with me, say  
What thy demands?

'Dem. Only, for fear of accident,  
A covenant by thine own hand witnessed to,  
And signed with thine own blood.

'Cyp. This dagger here

Shall be my pen—this linen handkerchief  
My paper—and for ink, the blood's at hand  
Flowing in my arm.—[Writes.]—Yet what despair is  
this!

I, Cyprian, the renowned scholar, promise  
To render my immortal soul to him  
Who shall instruct me in a science capable  
To draw Justina to these arms; and now  
Have with my name confirm'd it.

'Dem. Lo! the castle  
Is render'd, on whose walls, like banners, floated  
Discourse, and reason, and philosophy!  
Is't written?

'Cyp. Aye, and signed.

'Dem. Thine is the sun  
Thou worshippest.

'Cyp. Thine, for eternal years,  
My soul.

'Dem. 'Tis soul for soul—for, in return,  
I give to thee Justina's.

'Cyp. What will be  
The extremest limit of the time, wherein  
I may become in magic an adept?

'Dem. A year, with this condition—

'Cyp. I will keep it;  
Fear nothing.

'Dem. That we live shut in a cave,  
And only to this study dedicate,  
With no attendants save this fellow here,

[He drags out Clarin, an inquisitive servant, who  
had hid himself in the room.

This curious impertinent, that stayed  
To listen—so our secret is secure.

'Cyp. (in soliloquy)—It pleases me, for thus I  
To love and fame.—Justina shall be mine, I minister  
And I, the admiration of a world,  
With unimagined science.

'Dem. My endeavour

Has not been foiled.

'Clarin. Mine has, though.

'Dem. Sirrah, peace,

And come with us.—My strongest enemy  
Is vanquished now.

'Cyp. Blest shall ye be, desires!

'Dem. I shall not rest for envy and keen hate,  
Till she is mine as well.—[Aside.]—Shall we depart,  
And, 'mid the intricate and hidden dens  
Of yonder mountain, you can hear to-day  
My first discourse on magic?

'Cyp. Let us go.

With such a master for my genius,  
With such an object for my love, my name,  
Cyprian's, the wonderful magician's name,  
Shall be immortal in the world.

Inadequate as are these extracts to give any  
idea of this play, we cannot pursue the analysis  
further, nor point out its many coincidences with  
the 'Faust';—in both, the heroine is led, through  
trial and suffering, to an ignominious death, and  
in both, her ultimate happiness is announced by  
supernatural agency.

## LONDON SETS.

Introductory to a Series of Articles on various Classes  
of London Society.

If all astronomical observers were to confine  
their speculations to the sun; if all anatomists  
were content to describe only that portion of our  
corporeal frame which is consecrated to digestive  
purposes; if all that talented part of the com-  
munity to whom many owe every thing, and  
most men bills, were to exercise their faculties,  
imaginative, constructive, and critical, solely in  
the formation of coats:—such partiality could  
not be more injurious and provoking than that of  
the thousand and one immortal writers of the  
years 1827-8, who contract their omnigenous  
powers to chronicle the aristocracy exclusively in  
the three great human occupations of small-talk,  
love, and dinner. What though that illustrious  
body does, like the solar luminary, diffuse life, and  
joy, and radiance, among all the minor bodies that  
surround it;—what though it is the great ab-  
sorber and emporium of good things, like the  
member before mentioned, to which Menenius  
Agrippa long ago discovered its exact resem-  
blance;—what though, like the *chef-d'œuvre* of  
Nugee or Stultz, it is at once the most elegant  
and the most expensive of the disguises of the  
natural man;—there are yet, O labourers for Col-  
burn! other circles worthy mention in the sys-  
tem, other limbs of society not wholly useless or  
uninteresting, other habits with which the sons of  
Adam cover and transform the poor, bare, forked

animal that nature made. Incapable, myself, of producing any work of fiction likely to please or sell, I am disinterestedly inclined, Oh! numerous and great Unknowns! to provide, as raw material for your manufacture, the modes and customs of certain orders whose existence you do not hitherto appear to recognise; thus resembling the purveyor of an antiquarian, who drags to light recondite manuscripts which he is himself unable to decipher, or the ostler at a stage-coach-station, who dresses and brings out the horses which he aspires not, nor has skill, to drive. From you, whose genius is at once facile, delicate, and poignant,—who find in a bow substratum for a paragraph,—who can calculate, to a feather's weight, the precise degree of apathy it is becoming to manifest about subjects of deep interest, or brand with fitting ignominy the wretch misusing wine, or using 'gin,'—I confess I hope and expect much, when you come to reap the harvest in the fields I shall lay open to you. I design, in a few short notices, to invite your attention to classes able to dine without French cookery, and innocent of subscriptions for Almack's, who possess, nevertheless, their own vulgar qualities and merits, and have doubtless their own follies, pretty and peculiar. Among these persons, are to be found some of your most constant and admiring readers; and, after leading them so long through regions of the pure ideal, and introducing them to coteries of which their conception would be otherwise as faint as of 'anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' it will surely be a kind variety to give them some portraits from the life, where they can judge of the fidelity, as well as venerate the genius, of the limner.

In discussing the peculiarities of sets, I own, besides awakening the attention, and extending the views, of the immortal bands of Burlington-street, another aim, though less important. I am aware of the existence of young gentlemen fancying themselves to be philosophers, who venture to decry the system of exclusiveness that prevails among all classes in this country. Hence, they maintain, arises the major part of that ignorance and error which retard the improvement of mankind; hence the mistaking of that which is conventional and peculiar for that which is absolute and universal; the confounding of the accidents with the properties of human nature: hence judgments respecting the moral and intellectual condition of their fellow-men, framed on the petty variations of a contracted circle, as though one should pretend to calculate the movements of a mighty ocean by the trifling fluctuations of a little canal he had cut off from it. From these causes, as they urge, result opinions deduced from isolated and insufficient facts, and therefore partially or wholly untrue; systems of morality, adapted only to casual and temporary circumstances, and therefore generally evil or inapplicable; manners tinged with professional affectations, and therefore elsewhere tiresome and offensive. Not hazarding myself an opinion on this subject, and merely remarking that I have doubts of the truth of these lucubrations, as this truly national and British system has worked hitherto so well, and produced so many eminent men, I must, however, think, that the best way of settling the question would be, to take a careful view of each class, or sect, or caste, in turn. When these peculiarities are presented in one complete picture, it will not be very difficult to trace them to their causes, or estimate their good or evil tendency. I propose at present to consider only those sets that are to be found existing in the metropolis,—sets whose characteristics are dependent on the professions they follow, or result from certain systems of thinking,—sets legal, mercantile, or medical, utilitarian, evangelical, or benevolentarian. Nothing is intended to be said of those sets whose thoughts and habits are modified entirely by local situation. For instance, it would scarcely be useful or agreeable to paint your country set, dull, dinner-giving,

and uncordial—or your country-town set, tea-drinking, scandal-loving, and malicious; or your cathedral-town set, as scandal-loving and malicious, but prouder, more informed, and affecting more refinement. Far be it from these pages to imply that many of the last mentioned classes are not eminent for virtue and knowledge; but these merits are entirely their own, and often borne down and tainted by the vices of their set. There can certainly be no doubt that those sets whose characteristics depend upon locality, exercise an influence unmitigatedly bad upon the human mind. Whether this is the case with those I shall endeavour to describe, may better appear in my future observations.

## THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

FROM the novelties of Thursday evening last, the one most worthy to be selected, was the exaltation of Sontag, and the higher impression of her excellence as felt throughout the entire theatre, after two representations of great power and masterly effect. Those who were accustomed to consider her a mere singing puppet, with a great deal of mechanical cleverness, but no innate feeling, could not but be surprised at the varied interest which she threw into her character in the scenes from 'Die Schweizer Familie.' Those, too, who assigned her a first place in the execution of inexpressive music, (and this class embraced a large portion even of her professed admirers,) were inclined to give her a station in a wider sphere, and place the Amenaide of the night in a regal seat of that great empire of which Pasta seemed the ruler without an heir.

To descend upon the merits of Tancredi, as personated by Madame Pasta, is now happily a work of supererogation. The character does not give that scope to her faculties of expression which renders the Medea, the Semiramide, the Otello, and the Desdemona, so wonderful and so inimitable; but it contains the jewel of all modern singing, and no man can depart with discontent, whatever be the context of Madame Pasta's 'Tu che accendi.' Curioni and Pellegrini were substituted for Torri and De Angeli, in the parts of Argirio and Orbazzano; and this change was greatly serviceable to the effect of the concerted parts, where the sweetness of the one, and the accuracy of the other, sustained most forcibly the harmony of the whole. We have already glanced at the triumphant appearance of Mademoiselle Sontag in the part of Amenaide. Triumphant it certainly was, both for its manifestation of new qualities, and for the redoubled strength with which her acknowledged powers were exhibited. Who can forget the appropriate utterance of the words 'Va esultando questo cor,' the burst of youthful joy, the fullness and intensity of expression? Or again, was there any one insensible of her pre-eminence throughout the whole noble sestetto at the close of the first act, when her young and twilight lustre beamed forth so gloriously, even in the meridian blaze of Pasta herself, particularly in that couplet beginning with the words 'Chi duol si orribilo,' where Rossini has thrown in a little patch of most exquisite melody, but in so rapid and parenthetical a passage as to be almost lost, but for the magic which drew it out from its seclusion? Finally, in the fifth scene of the second act, was it a mere flexible jingler of sounds, a vocal Kalkbrenner, who testified the ecstasy described in the words

*'L'ecce non potete  
Di mia gioia immaginar.'*

where the true spirit seems to have bounded from its former imprisonment, and animated her whole gesture with a new brightness, without sacrificing one musical ornament in the dramatic effort?

In the afterpiece, the natural reserve and timidity of the young singer, relieved from the additional shackles of a foreign language, were so far lost as to leave her unembarrassed and free to pourtray the most vivid of human emotions. The simple and primitive style of the music well agreed with the costume and characters of the drama, and a more effective representation, (considering the disadvantages of its partially understood dialogue,) was perhaps never greeted with the applause of an opera audience.

Madlle. Sontag retired from the stage with a convincing argument before her, of the un-phlegmatic disposition of Englishmen: all was enthusiasm—all *furor*; the tone of farewell testified that she would not soon be forgotten; the voice of applause was tender as that

of affection. The young creature about whose excellence we were at first so sceptical, has taught us, that she *has* claims for the worship of thousands, and by her last performance, if by no other, has made us feel what it was that so captivated her continental votaries. The laurel chaplet by which her fair brow was on that night encircled, will express less adequately than the spirit in which she will be remembered, our estimate of her personal and professional superiority.

## NEW MUSIC.

*Lays of a Minstrel. The poetry by F. H. Bayly, the Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. B. Cramer. Vol. 1. Cramer and Co., 12s.*

THIS is one of the most interesting collections of old airs, with new words, upon the plan of 'Moore's Irish Melodies,' that has appeared since that celebrated and highly popular work,—and deserves a place by the side of it, in every musical library. The pieces are twelve in number, under the following titles: No. 1. The Bridmaid. No. 2. The Beacon light. No. 3. Upon thy truth relying. No. 4. Oh! 'tis the Melody. No. 5. Adeline. No. 6. Oh! canst thou judge how dear Thou art? No. 7. If I were a gay and courtly Knight. No. 8. The Heart of a Soldier. No. 9. Gay to the last. No. 10. Hand in Hand, Love. No. 11. Benedicite Daughter. And No. 12. Ah! since you leave Me. The melodies (with one or two exceptions) are neither common, vulgar, nor hacknied,—and Cramer's masterly hand has imparted a grace, polish, and science, that would render any tune interesting, and has thus placed the work upon a parallel with Horn's beautiful adaptation of Thomson of Edinburgh's Scottish airs. In fact, some of the melodies and words are so well fitted to each other, that we suspect more than the Symphonies and Accompaniments have been supplied by Cramer. The words are chaste, harmonious, and interesting; and perhaps the best compliment we can offer is, that they are all worth the excellent arrangement given of the music. The work is beautifully brought out, presenting (at certainly a very reasonable price) twelve superior vocal pieces for twelve shillings. The following is the dedication:—'To the Honourable Mrs. Thomas of Ralton Park, these Lays of a Minstrel are inscribed by her obliged and affectionate nephew, Thomas Haynes Bayly.'

*The favourite Scotch air, Kelvin Grove, arranged, with an Introduction and Variations, for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Helen Campbell, by T. Latour, Pianiste to his Majesty. Latour, 3s.*

A very pleasing arrangement of this popular melody in a familiar style, and, as usual with all Latour's music, expressly well adapted for teachers. It is arranged in the key of A, commencing with a martial maestoso of two pages, and the well-adapted and neat five variations are as follows:—first, in triplets; second, a march; third, brillante; fourth, minore andante, in 3-4 time; and fifth, an allegretto in 6-8, forming a concluding rondo. Thus, as much variety as possible is presented in a very concise, pleasing, and useful form.

*The Irish Harper, a Ballad, sung by Mr. Sappio, with the most enthusiastic applause: the words by C. H. Freeman; composed for the Melodist's Club; and dedicated to Joseph Gould, Esq., by J. Watson. Mori and Co., 2s.*

An expressive and tasteful andante, in the very superior key of A flat, with an accompaniment adapted generally in an appropriate style for the Harp, (and apparently imitative of Rossini's 'To this Aurora,' in La Donna del Lago,) excepting that the chromatic modulations, which (however clever and ingenious) are too frequent, to be at all produced effectively upon that instrument; neither are the ascending scales in the symphonies applicable to the Harp. We dwell upon this subject, and regret it the more, because the words demand a well adapted Harp accompaniment, being addressed occasionally to it. In all other respects, the language and music are well united, and of a pleasing and clever quality throughout.

*Dressler's Selection of beauties, with embellishments for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 9.) Cocks and Co., 3s.*

As this work proceeds, it becomes more, rather than less interesting, and, as usual, we give the following catalogue of the pieces selected: No. 1. Romance of Haydn's, in D minor, (2-4 time) from one of his favourite Symphonies. No. 2. 'A Highland Lad.' (The White Cockade), in A, with embellishments.



No. 3. Air Portuguese, (the theme upon which 'Home, sweet home,' is formed,) with two showy variations by Camus. No. 4. 'C'est L'Amour,' (in G,) as a short rondo by Dressler. No. 5. Himmel's grand Polonaise, in F, arranged by William Forde. No. 6. A favourite Scotch air, (an andante in F, 2-4 time,) varied by Camus. Nos. 7. and 8. Two arias from *Il Crociato*, adapted by Forde. No. 9. The Duett of 'All's Well,' arranged in E flat for two Flutes. Nos. 10. and 11. Mozart's 'Manly Heart,' and the beautiful little air from his fifth Quartetto, adapted also for two Flutes. And No. 12. 'Le Petit Tambour,' as a rondo by the Editor.

*The Rose of the Desert, a Ballad, sung by Miss Paton : written by Mrs. Leoni Lee : composed by C. E. Horn. Mayhew and Co., 2s.*

A very pleasing, flowing, and graceful melody, (in A, common time,) marked 'Innocente & molto semplice,' and united to words of as pleasing a character as the music; within the moderate compass (excepting only one note) of E, on the first line, and its octave in the fourth space; therefore, not requiring a very extensive compass of voice.

*Lucie's Smiles, a Ballad, composed and dedicated to Miss Merry, by Walter Turnbull. Power, 2s.*

In the same key and style as the one above of Horn's, (excepting the time being 6-8,) and within nearly the same scale and pitch of notes. The general arrangement of the harmonies is correct, but the whole does not exhibit any peculiar originality.

*Long a mutual passion feeling, favourite Duett from Weigl's Lyric Opera 'The Swiss Family,' as sung by Madame and Mr. Schütz, the words a free translation by F. Wehnert. Ewer and Johanning, 3s. 6d.*

*'Peace does not smile, no joy befriends us,' a Duett from 'The Swiss Opera, as sung by Mademoiselle Sontag and Madame Schütz. Ewer and Co., 2s.*

The above characteristic and clever productions, are published as Nos. 4. and 5. in continuation of Weigl's Opera, noticed in 'The Athenaeum,' No. 38, and form additional illustrations of the true German style, and near resemblance to the vocal works of the great Haydn; perhaps a higher recommendation the composer and publisher could not desire. In the second movement of 'Peace does not smile,' (in E, 3-8 time,) it requires a voice that will reach up to B above the first ledger line, but if too high for general use, a transposition might easily be made.

*'Di piacer mi balza il cor,' Rossini's favourite cavatina in 'La Gazza Ladra,' arranged for the Harp, and dedicated to Miss Susanna Edmonstone, by Henry Horn. Cramer and Co., 2s.*

This beautiful and bright composition cannot but be interesting in any shape; and Horn's arrangement (in E flat) is exceedingly well adapted for his instrument. It is merely an adaptation of the two well known admirable movements, without any additional matter, and may be compassed by Harpists of moderate acquirements; thus it is rendered generally useful.

*'Never hame came He,' a ballad, the poetry by Cunningham, the music composed by W. Kirby. Cramer and Co., 2s.*

This feeling and interesting scrap of Cunningham's, is very properly set to the music; and if it were well sung as a dramatic ballad, would be deservedly admired. A little recitative precedes a well-conceived air, (in E, 3-4 time,) and the words being but brief, we have inserted them under an impression that they will better explain the subject than any further description.

*Recit.—Saddled, and bridled, and hooded was he,  
A plume at his helmet, a sword at his knee;  
Lane hame came the saddle at evening to me,  
And hame came his steed, but never came he.  
Asia.—Down came his grey father, sobbing me sair,  
Down came his auld mother, tearing her hair;  
Then came his sweet wife, wi' her bonnie bairns three,  
Ane at her bosom, and twa at her knee.'*

*Mus. lento.—There stood his fleet steed, all foaming and hot,  
There shriek'd his sweet wife, and fell on the spot;  
There stood his grey father, weeping he free,  
A tempo. For hame came his steed, but never came he.'*

We cannot omit noticing the very beautiful lithographic sketch on the title, which we think surpasses all we have ever seen prefixed to a musical work, and which alone is well worth the two shillings charged for the whole.

## POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

*An Essay on the Formation of Man, adapted for the Perusa of Youth. By Henry William Dewhurst, Surgeon, &c. &c. Pp. 32. 18mo. Knight and Lacey. London, 1828.*

The number of works upon scientific subjects, in a popular form, clearly demonstrates that there is an increasing taste among general readers for philosophic information. This is, decidedly, we should suppose, the smallest book of the kind ever published; but it is, so far as it goes, tolerably accurate and good, though it rather suffers, in comparison, with a work on a similar subject,—the 'Animal Mechanics,' understood to be from the pen of Mr. Charles Bell, to whom it would have been more creditable to Mr. Dewhurst's reading, to refer, than to such a work as Mrs. Bryan's. As a specimen, we select our author's

## Description of the Spine.

'There are twenty-four bones in the human spine, joined to each other by broad bases; in some parts, these bases are shallower than in others, according as they are to serve, more immediately either the purposes of flexibility or strength. In the back, where strength is most wanted, they are firmer than in the loins, where flexibility is necessary; and still firmer in the neck, where the erect posture is chiefly required. Each of these bones is perforated through the middle, and so placed over and under those next to it, as to form a close canal for the medullary substance. (Does Mr. Dewhurst suppose that this will be intelligible to youth!) To prevent this passage from being disturbed, on change of posture, by the vertebrae shifting over one another, these bones are supplied with cartilages, which being of an elastic and yielding nature, allow of these motions without separation of the bones themselves.' Pp. 14.

In speaking of the joints, he informs us that 'Each is mechanical and resolvable by human reason;'—pp. 14: an announcement which we profess not to be able to comprehend.

*Medical Dissertations. By George Sigmond, M.D., F. L. S. Second Edition. Pp. 135. 1828.*

Is this ingenious and elegant work, which, though small in bulk, contains, nevertheless, a large quantity of very curious and instructive matter. Dr. Sigmond has republished, with great accuracy and neatness, the most singular and the least known theories of the eminently-learned and barbarously-murdered Servetus.

'Possessing (says Dr. Sigmond in his introduction) a copy of that most rare work of Servetus, the 'Christianismi Restitutio,' I wished to print the extracts that relate to physiology in a correct and ungarbled form. Dr. Wotton, Mr. de la Roche, Nicéron, Chauffepie, have all quoted the passages either to suit their own views, or to show merely the author's knowledge of the circulation of the blood. I have quoted the whole of the theories verbatim.' P. 12.

These theories relate to the phenomena of the mind, the circulation of the blood, the breath of life, &c. &c.

The volume contains two original Latin dissertations by Dr. Sigmond, in which he had expressed himself with a perspicuity, a correctness, and an elegance that bespeak an intimate acquaintance with the chaste and pure style of the most esteemed writers of antiquity. We warmly recommend this little volume to our readers, in the assurance that they will find both entertainment and instruction in its perusal.

*The Elements of Physiology. By J. F. Blumenbach. Translated from the Latin, by J. Elliotson, M.D. Fourth Edition. Longman and Co. London, 1828.*

The value of the original work, of which this is an admirable translation, is too well known and appreciated to require any encomium of ours. It is universally acknowledged to be the most succinct and complete treatise on the subject that is to be found in any language. The importance of an intimate acquaintance with Physiology is every day more clearly perceived and acknowledged, and, we rejoice to add, seems to be cultivated with increasing zeal and ardour. It

affords us, therefore, considerable satisfaction to announce the publication of the fourth edition of a work so admirably adapted to diffuse just and sound views on this highly important branch of science. To Dr. Elliotson the public are indebted for one of the most faithful and elegant translations in our language. The notes by the translator are copious, and abound with curious and valuable information, the result of much patient and laborious research. He has brought forward many interesting facts hitherto neglected, and thrown out many acute observations, which lead to new and important conclusions. Error and absurdity are exposed with singular felicity, and novel theories pointed out to the attention of the reader with judicious approbation.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

Comus.

## I. ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—Genesis.

## 1.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

*Teeth in the Stomach.*—Some have supposed the human stomach to be like a mill for grinding the food; others like a Papin's digester, for resolving it into a pulp or jelly; and others, like a fermenting vat, for disorganising it. None of those fancies are capable of proof, and indeed are exceedingly improbable; but what shall we say to the demonstrable fact, of a goodly set of grinders being found in the stomachs of certain animals—teeth, in short, for operating upon the game which has been bagged, as a sportsman would say, and tickling it into available nutriment? The animals in question are well known, under the common names of crabs, lobsters, shrimps, and prawns; but Dr. Leach, of the British Museum, contrived for them the more learned and general appellation of Malacostraca Podophthalma. The stomach of these Malacostraca Podophthalma is very singularly constructed. It is formed on a frame-work of bone, and hence it does not collapse when empty. The teeth are inserted round its lower opening, called by anatomists the pylorus, and are extremely hard, with their margins denticulated like a saw, so that nothing can pass the opening without being perfectly comminuted. The bones and teeth are moved by peculiar muscles; and it is a curious fact, that, at the time the animal throws off its shell, it also disgorges its bony stomach, and secretes a new one. The teeth of the cuttle-fish (sepia) are arranged not very differently, being situated in the centre of the lower part of the body. They are only two in number, of a horny consistence, and in figure exactly resembling the bill of a parrot.

## 2.—ZOOPTHYLOGY.

*The Coral Animal.*—It has been demonstrated by M. Peyssonnel of Marseilles, and, more recently, by Mr. De la Beche, (if we recollect aright,) that coral is constructed by an animated zoophyte, in a similar manner as the shell of a snail is constructed by the snail for a shelter from enemies and external accidents. These animals were supposed, by the ancient naturalists, to be flowers; but, upon taking branches of corals, or corallines, out of the water, the seeming flowers, which had expanded from a number of minute points, like the blossoms of the olive-tree, withdraw into their snug retreats in the body of the coral. Upon being again restored to the water, they become, some hours after, perceptible. When spread upon white paper, the coral zoophytes lose their transparency, and become red as they dry. The holes perceptible in specimens of coral, correspond to small cavities in its substance; and, when the outer incrustation is removed, a variety of little tubes becomes visible, connecting the outer with the inner portion, as well as a multitude of small glandular bodies adhering to the tubes. From these the milky juice of coral issues forth, which runs along in furrows, concretes as its moisture evaporates, and at length hardens into a stony consistence, and causes the coral to increase proportionably in every direction. The most common of the coral zoophytes are formed like stars, with arms, (tentacula,) from four to six inches long, which they move about with great rapidity, in order, as it is supposed, to catch food. Some are slow in their motions—a few exceedingly active.

Some are of dark colours, others blue, and others bright yellow. Those of the Mediterranean are frequently red, white, or vermillion. On the coast of Australasia, Captain Flinders observed coral zoophytes, of all colours, glowing with vivid tints of every shade.

### 3.—ENTOMOLOGY.

*Paper made by Wasps.*—It was long, it should seem, before men found out a method of manufacturing paper, though the art has been practised by wasps time immemorial, for the purpose of forming an envelope to their nest or hive. They do not use for their paper any of the substances employed in paper manufactories, but the fibres of wood, which they detach by means of their jaws from posts, rails, window-frames, &c.; and, when they have amassed a bundle of fibres, they moisten the heap with a few drops of viscid glue from their mouth, and kneading it with their jaws into a sort of paste, or *papier mâché*, fly off with it to their nest. This ductile mass they attach to that part of the building upon which they are at work, walking backwards, and spreading it into leaves of the required thinness, by means of their jaws, tongue, and legs. This operation is repeated several times, till the proper number of layers, which are to compose the roof, is finished. The wasp's paper is about the thickness of thin post; and some idea may be formed of the labour necessary to complete the exterior covering of a wasp's nest, from the fact, that it requires, altogether, about fifteen or sixteen sheets of the paper, which, placed at small intervals from one another, make it nearly two inches thick. The texture of the paper employed by hornets is much more coarse and rough than that made by the common wasp.

### 4.—CONCHOLGY.

*The Silver Muscle.*—In an American publication entitled the 'Star in the West,' whose principal object is to support the hypothesis, that the North American Indians are descended from the Ten Tribes of Israel, we find some curious notices of the silver muscle (*Mytilus demissus*). It is a favourite ornament among the American Aborigines, who call it the white conch, and the breast-plate of their high-priest is formed entirely of this kind of shell. This breast-plate is worn on the great annual festival of the Indians, when, clothed in white raiment of finely-dressed doe-skins, resembling the ephod of the Jews, this 'great beloved man,' as he is termed by his brethren, enters the holiest division in their place of worship, and offers the sacred fire as a yearly atonement for the sins of his people.

### 5.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

*The Whale not a Fish.*—The oldest classification of fishes is that of Aristotle, who arranged them under three divisions—Cetaceous, Cartilaginous, and Spinous. Subsequent to Aristotle, fishes were arranged according to their habitats, into sea, lake, and river fish; but when it was discovered that many fish frequent these situations indiscriminately, Willoughby and Ray recurred to the Aristotelian method, to which Linnaeus added further sub-divisions; but, in the advance of investigation, it was discovered that the internal structure of the whale, and other cetaceous animals, is very much allied to that of quadrupeds, and upon stricter scrutiny, that the external figure bears an equal coincidence. It was observed, that whales differ from fishes in being destitute of gills, and in breathing by means of lungs, on which account, they are obliged to rise frequently, to the surface of the water, for fresh air; while, on the other hand, they resemble land animals in having warm blood, and in several other circumstances, particularly that of suckling their young, which no real fish condescends to do.

### 6.—ORNITHOLOGY.

*British Warblers.*—Mr. Sweet, whose publications, connected with Botany and Horticulture, are well known, has constructed an ingenious aviary for native birds of the genus *Sylvia*, under which are comprehended the nightingale, red-breast, the willow-wren, the white-throat, the sedge-bird, the black-cap, the Dartford warbler, &c. These are, confessedly, difficult to rear or preserve in cages, both because their natural habits induce the greater number of them to migrate, during the winter, to a warmer climate, and because their natural food consists of insects, which cannot, at least in winter, be readily procured. Mr. Sweet, however, we are informed, has overcome all these difficulties, and continues to keep his warblers in good condition all the year round, by his ingenious peculiarity of management. He has now in the course of publication a work on British *Sylvia*, in which coloured figures, accompanied by descriptions, are given of all the species, and a more delightful monograph could not readily be named.

### 8.—MAZOLGY.

*A cunning Bear.*—A Captain of a Greenland whaler being anxious to procure a white bear (*Ursus maritimus*), without injuring the skin, made use of the stratagem of laying the noose of a rope in the snow, and placing a piece of kreg within it. A bear, ranging the neighbouring ice, was soon enticed to the spot by the smell of burning meat. He perceived the bait, approached, and seized it in his mouth; but his foot, at the same moment, by a jerk of the rope, being entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with his adjoining paw, and deliberately retired. After having eaten the piece which he had carried away with him, he returned. The noose, with another piece of kreg, being then replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked triumphantly off with the kreg. A third time the noose was laid; but, excited to caution by the evident observation of the bear, the sailors buried the rope beneath the snow, and laid the bait in a deep hole dug in the centre. The bear once more approached, and the sailors were assured of success; but bruin, more sagacious than they could have anticipated, after sniffing about the place for a few moments, scraped the snow away with his paw, threw the rope aside, and, with his prize, again escaped unhurt.

### 9.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

*The Human Brain.*—Aristotle laid it down, that man has the largest brain of all animals, in proportion to the size of his body; but modern anatomists have found that Aristotle was wrong, for Canary birds far exceed us in proportional weight of brain. M. Sömmering, a celebrated German physiologist, has given the following as the results of his numerous dissections. The weight of the brain, he says, to that of the body forms, in

Man, from . . .	1-22 to 1-33 part.
Apes ( <i>Simie</i> ) . . .	1-22.
Dogs . . .	1-101.
Elephants . . .	1-500.
Sparrows . . .	1-25.
Canary birds . . .	1-14.
Geese . . .	1-360.
Turtles (smallest) . . .	1-5688.

M. Sömmering has hence endeavoured to correct Aristotle's rule, by saying, that 'man has the largest brain of all animals, in proportion to the general mass of nerves that issue from it.' Thus the brain of the horse gives only half the weight of that of a man, but the nerves it sends forth are ten times as bulky. The largest brain which M. Sömmering ever dissected in the horse tribe, weighed only 1 lb. 4 oz., while the smallest which he ever met with in an adult man was 2 lb. 5½ oz. Sömmering, *Dissertation de Basi Enceph.*

### II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meanest flow'et of the vale,  
The simplest sound that swells the gale,  
The common sun—the air—the skies—  
To him are opening Paradise.'

GRAY.

### I.—VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

*Experiments on Poisoning Plants.*—We lately mentioned M. Marcell's interesting experiments on poisoning French beans and roses with arsenic; his experiments on vegetable poisons are no less worthy of notice. Having ascertained that bead plants could exist in a healthy state for five or six days if immersed in spring water, he tried them with five or six grains of opium dissolved in an ounce of water, the consequence of which was, that in the evening the leaves had dropped, and by the middle of next day, they were dead beyond recovery. Hemlock was equally fatal, and six grains of dry powdered foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*) in an ounce of water, began to operate by wrinkling some of the leaves of the bean in a few seconds, which it completely killed in four-and-twenty hours. Oxalic acid, though found in sorrel (*Rumex acetosa* and *Oxalis acetosella*), as well as in several other plants, proved a very fatal poison to others. The absorption of one-tenth of a grain killed a rose branch and flower in forty-eight hours.

### 2.—MINERALOGY.

*Aiken's Mineralogy.*—One of the most useful manuals in this department of Natural History ever published is the 'Manual of Mineralogy,' by Arthur Aiken, which, however, from some cause to us unknown, has been for several years out of print. Why, we naturally ask, is this excellent little work not revised and brought down to the present day, and republished for the use not only of students, but of amateur mineralogists in their field excursions and travels? To the British mineralogist, it is invaluable from its containing the localities of all our native fossils. In a new

edition this department would of course require extensive additions.

### 3.—GEOLOGY.

*Fossil Bones from Ava.*—Mr. Crawford, amongst other valuable and interesting fossils, has brought a very considerable collection of fossil bones from the banks of the Irrawadi. He states distinctly, that it is impossible to refer the situation of those bones, or the origin of the hills containing them, to any operations of the existing river, as the hills are at least sixty feet above the level of its highest flood; while the effect of its actual operations is distinctly visible in the shifting islands of mud and sand that abound along its whole course within the high flood level, and in the great alluvial delta which extends from a little below Promé to Rangoon, and the Gulf of Martaban. Amongst the bones we find the same fossil Pachydermata that are found associated with elephants in Europe, namely, the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, mastodon, and hog, but no elephants. We have also two or three species of ruminantia, resembling the ox, antelope, and deer, with the addition of the gaviol and the alligator, and two fresh water tortoises—the tortoise and the emys. The state of preservation of these bones is very perfect from their being penetrated with hydrate of iron. From the evidence furnished by these remains, and the strata where they were found, it seems conclusive that there can be identified with those of Europe:—1. Alluvium; 2. Diluvium; 3. Fresh Water Marl; 4. London clays, calcareous; 5. Plastic clay, with its sands and gravel; 6. Transition limestone, and grauwacke; 7. Primitive marble and mica slate.

### 4.—BOTANY.

*Latin as good as English Names.*—Many have been afraid to begin the study of Botany in consequence of the hard Latin names which are given to plants. In many instances this is a mere prejudice, arising more from want of courage to begin than from any real difficulty. The Latin names are, for the most part, no less easy to pronounce than the English, and are frequently more harmonious and smooth. As a proof of the easiness of these Latin names, we may mention that we have known several instances of children, from three to six years old, learning hundreds of them quite correctly, and with very little trouble. The unanswerable fact is, however, that not one half the number of plants, not even of native plants, have any English name; and surely it is better to adopt the Latin one already given, than to coin for them appellations in barbarous English.

### 5.—METEOROLOGY.

*Utility of Storms.*—Dr. Huxham, in reference to epidemic diseases, remarks, that he often observes them abate greatly, both in their number and violence, after stormy and heavy rains, the contagious effluvia and morbid congestions of the atmosphere being thus dispersed. In this way, he continues, even tempests themselves very frequently prove salutary, stagnant air being, no less than stagnant water, liable to corruption, unless often put into motion. The salutary occasioned by the agitation of the air, which is very general, perhaps, on the sea-coast, than in any other situation, was noticed with great interest by the ancients. Augustus Cæsar was so strongly impressed with its beneficial influence, that he built and dedicated a temple to Circeus, a wind so powerful that it frequently blew down the houses of the people. The inhabitants of Gaul also, as Seneca informs us, gave public thanks to this exceedingly tempestuous wind, in consequence of its clearing the atmosphere and rendering it healthful.

### 6.—OPTICS.

*Rapidity of Light.*—It has been ascertained that light travels at the rate of 170,000 miles per second, and consequently takes eight minutes and a quarter to come to us from the sun. The inference, therefore, plain, that distant stars can seldom be seen by us at their true place. Herschel supposed that the light of some of the nebulae which he observed with his powerful telescopes, had travelled 48,000 years before reaching the earth!!!

### III.—USEFUL ARTS.

'Every new discovery may be considered as a new species of manufacture, awakening moral industry and sagacity, and employing, as it were, a new capital of mind.'

Edinburgh Review.

### 1.—AGRICULTURE.

*Burnet and Yarrow.*—Amongst agricultural men worthy of the attention of the grazing farmer, Mr. Seclair mentions those of Burnet (*Potterium Saxatile* sorba) and Yarrow or Milfoil (*Achillea millefolium*).



On poor chalky soils, burnet has been tried with beneficial effects in combination with cock's-foot grass, and also with small quantities of meadow besue, and perennial rye-grass. The hardy evergreen nature of burnet, and its permanency on very poor chalky soils, are merits which render it worthy of notice. A small portion of Yarrow should have a place in every pasture which is not intended again to be returned to tillage. It appears to be liked by cattle as a condiment rather than as furnishing direct nutriment.

## 2.—GARDENING.

**Proximity of Fruit Trees.**—It is asserted that if two varieties of fruit grow near each other, that the one is influenced by the pollen of the other. Thus, if a green apple is affected by the pollen of a yellow apple, the former will become yellow, and so on. Of this fact, generally, there can be no doubt, however much philosophers may differ in explaining it upon theory.

## MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The last general meeting of the eighth session of this Society was holden on Friday, the 11th of July, at its apartments, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, Sir James McGrigor, M.D., F.R.S., K.C.T.S., President, in the chair.

The minutes of the preceding meeting having been read and confirmed, the various donations received since were announced by Mr. H. Gibbs, Secretary. Among them were, 'The Transactions of the Royal Academy of Lyons,' presented by that body; several Medical Theses, by Graduates of the University of Edinburgh, presented by Dr. Sigmond; Dr. William Zollickoff's 'Materia Medica of the United States,' presented by the author; a collection of 242 dried specimens of plants, collected during the years 1811 and 1812, in the Island of Mauritius, with a manuscript catalogue, by Dr. B. Babington; two beautiful specimens of *Musa rosacea*, in flower and fruit, and other hot-house plants, by Mr. A. Campbell; a large collection of dried and recent hardy plants, by Thomas Gibbs, Esq., F.H.S. The thanks of the Meeting were ordered to the respective donors.

The Director, Mr. Frost, informed the Members that he had that day received a communication from the Right Honourable Robert Peel, informing him that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to insert His autograph as Patron in the Society's signature-book, on a page appropriated for that purpose.

Dr. James Woodforde was admitted a Fellow, by the President, and took his seat accordingly.

His Majesty Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway; and his Royal Highness the Prince Royal Oscar, Chancellor of the University of Upsal; Benjamin Guy Babington, Esq. M.B., F.R.S., Secretary R.A.S.; David Don, Esq., A.L.S.; and John Smirnov, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., were severally ballotted for, and declared duly elected Fellows.

The following gentlemen were elected to be Professors during the ensuing session: Professor of Botany, John Frost, Esq., F.R.S., Ed.; Professor of Toxicology, George Gabriel Sigmond, M.D., F.S.A., F.L.S.; Professor of Materia Medica, John Whiting, M.D.

A paper, entitled 'Remarks on the doubtful identity of *Bonplandia trifoliata*, of Willdenow, and Humboldt and Bonpland, and the Angostura, or Carony bark tree,' in a letter addressed by Dr. John Hancock to the President and Fellows of the Society, was read.

Dr. Hancock, who, during the year 1816, resided for several months in the districts in which grows the plant yielding the bark known in pharmaceutical language by the name of cortex angusture vel cusparie, on directing his attention to this subject, discovered several material discrepancies between the tree he observed, and the description of a tree said to produce the drug, and of which Baron Alexander Humboldt, in other respects such an accurate observer, sent specimens to Professor Willdenow, of Berlin; who, though there already existed a genus of that name, called it *Bonplandia*,

in honour of Baron Humboldt's companion. This name was subsequently adopted by Humboldt and Bonpland in their splendid work on Equinoctial plants, though the former had previously given it the appellation of *Cusparia febrifuga*. The opinion formed by Dr. Hancock was confirmed, on being informed by a gentleman of the name of Don Jose Tereas, with whom the travellers above mentioned lodged, that they did not visit the missions of Carony, but sent down an Indian, who returned with a sample of the leaves of the tree in question, but, much to their disappointment, without flowers. The generic character having also become very doubtful to Dr. Hancock, he carefully examined its congeners, and found it agree in so many points with the genus *Galipea* of Aublet, that he considered it to be a species thereof, and in this opinion he has lately been confirmed by the arrangement of Professor De Candolle, who has classed the *Bonplandia trifoliata*, which, no doubt, is nearly allied to Doctor Hancock's plant, under the head *Galipea*. The paper then gave a detailed description of its botanical characters; which, with a figure of the plant, and a notice of its great efficacy in several diseases, especially in the malignant fevers, dysenteries, and dropsies prevalent in Angostura, in 1816 and 1817, will be published in the next number of the Society's Transactions; and a comparative statement of the differences existing between *Bonplandia trifoliata*, (Willd.) vel *Cusparia febrifuga*, (Humb.) vel *Galipea cusparia*, (D. C.) and the real Angostura bark tree, the most striking of which is, that instead of being a large and majestic forest tree, as described in 'The Plantæ Equinoctiales Orbis Novi,' the authors of which, no doubt, thought the tree found by them in the neighbourhood of Santa Fe de Cumana and Nueva Barcelona was the same as that of which they obtained leaves in Angostura;—it is a tree, or almost shrub, of from twelve to fifteen, or at the most twenty feet, in height, and four or five inches in diameter; and belongs to the second class, *Diandria*, instead of the fifth class, *Pentandria*. The Doctor concludes by proposing that the plant described by him should be named '*Galipea officinalis*.'

The paper was accompanied by fine native specimens of the bark, leaves, flowers, capsules, and seeds of the plant. The thanks of the meeting were ordered to Dr. Hancock for this very interesting communication.

It was proposed by Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., V.P., seconded by Dr. Sigmond, and Resolved unanimously, that the thanks of the meeting be given to the President for his unceasing attention to the interests and welfare of the Institution.

Sir James McGrigor, after returning thanks for the honour done him, begged to congratulate the Society on the prosperous state of its affairs, greatly enhanced by the especial mark of royal favour conferred on it, and which they had heard announced that evening, and concluded by informing the members that the first meeting of the ninth session would be holden on Tuesday, the 28th of October, on which day the Director would deliver his annual oration, and on which occasion he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting them.

*Portraits of Madame Vestris, Miss P. Glover, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Liston, in the comedy of Paul Pry. Engraved by Thomas Lupton, after a Painting by G. Clint. A. R. A. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.*

This is a very spirited mezzotint, and interesting as a mere dramatic scene: but the portraits, especially of Mr. Liston and Madame Vestris, are exceedingly faithful. It is said, that this is the only portrait Mr. Liston ever sat for in character; and whoever has seen him in Paul Pry must recognize, not only every feature, but the exact attitude, manner and expression, of this popular actor. The plate is well engraved, and all its accessories in good taste and keeping.

## EVENING.

Said I in vain that sky and earth  
Are gushing o'er with many a tale?  
And that this silent night gives birth  
To thoughts whose memory ne'er should fail?  
Said I in vain, there breathes a story  
Through yon blue tracts of star-lit glory?

No, Lady, no! Thou, too, hast felt  
The might and rapture of the hour;  
And deep within thy spirit melt  
Its soothing charm and pious power;  
Its presence to thy heart is nigh,  
With strength serene and awful eye.

The broad and solemn shades are scatter'd  
By gleams, and paths, and lakes of light—  
As when, ere man's young hopes were shatter'd,  
Angels came floating through the night,  
And shed with pinions fresh from God,  
The glow of heaven on Eden's sod.

The world is not asleep, but fill'd  
With that unbroken, happy calm  
Wherein each hastier pulse is still'd,  
And every breath a voiceless psalm;  
And e'en the soul, in memory's spite,  
Drinks from the skies their starry light.

The trees, whose spires, and tufts, and bowers  
Glimmer beneath the journeying moon;  
The turf, whose sweets are fed with showers,  
Their nature's cool and dewy boon;  
The flakes of cloud that mount the breeze  
Light as the foam of azure seas;—

It folds them all, the gentle Eve!  
Beneath its wide and purple wings,  
Too softly, gladly hushed to grieve  
For the broad lights that morning brings;  
I, too, have opened heart and sense,  
And welcomed all its influence.

And if, amid this glorious time,  
This thrilling silence, mingle aught  
Of less aspiring and sublime,  
Of troubled dream and selfish thought;  
If recollections, strange and foul,  
Come like the scream of boding owl;

If thus it be—this seraph night  
Hath eyes of mercy and of love,  
And from each far ethereal height  
Breathes down the peace which lives above—  
God never sent to man an hour  
Of purer hope, of holier power.

But, Lady! in thy gentle breast  
The skies no jarring contrast see;  
The world whose storms are all at rest,  
In gladness is at one with thee;  
Thou feel'st what I can but believe,  
That the heart need not always grieve.

## LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

- The Retrospect, thirteenth edition, 12mo. 5s.  
Dialogues on Prophecy, 2 vols., 8vo., 9s.  
Mrs. Holland's 'Good Grandmother,' new edition, 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
Modern Domestic Cookery. By Elizabeth Hammond, 12mo., sixth edition, 4s.  
The Book of Job, arranged and pointed according to the Masoretic Text, 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
Grier's Epitome of the General Councils of the Church, 8vo. 9s.  
The Abbey of Inismoylie. By the Author of 'Early Recollection,' 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
Parriana, or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. By E. H. Barker, Esq., 16s.  
Journal of a Voyage to Peru, &c. &c. By Lieut. Chas. Brand, R. N., 8vo., plates, 12s.  
Taylor's Contributions of Q. Q., third edition, 2 vols., 12mo. 9s.  
Orme's Memoirs of Urquhart, second edition, 2 vols., 12mo. 9s.  
Humboldt's Passage over the Alps, second edition, 8vo., 12s.  
The Cambrian Tourist, sixth edition, 18mo. 8s.  
Booth's Reign of Grace, with Essay. By Doctor Chalmers, 12mo., 4s.  
Baldwin's History of Greece, new edition, 12mo. 4s.  
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Pimock's Grammar of Modern Geography and History, 18mo., 5s.  
Memoirs du Duc Rovigo, (M. Savary,) 3 vols., 8vo., 14s.  
Ditto ditto ditto, English, 3 vols., 8vo., 16s.  
The Game Book; or, Sportsman's Remembrancer, one year, 4s.  
Ditto ditto ditto, two years, 7s. 6d.  
Ditto ditto ditto, three years, 10s. 6d.

Just published by HENRY COLBURN, New Burlington-street.  
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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Therm. at 9 A.M.	Therm. at 5 P.M.	Baron. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevalent Cloud.
Mon. 21	65°	61°	28.96	SW. NE.	Rain. PM	Cirrus.
Tues. 22	67	64	29.05	S.W.	Rain. PM	Ditto.
Wed. 23	78	64	29.30	S.W. S.	Rain. PM	Ditto.
Thur. 24	64	65	29.25	S. W.	Rain.	Cum.
Frid. 25	73	65	29.20	S. W.	Rain.	Ditto.
Satur. 26	72	64	29.25	Ditto.	Rain.	Ditto.
Sun. 27	70	63	29.35	W.N.W.	Fair.	Cirrus.

Highest temperature at noon, 75° S. asp. shade.

**Astronomical Observations.**  
The Sun entered Leo on Tuesday, at 11h. 2m. P.M.  
The Sun and Uranus in opposition on the 23d, at 7h. 15' A.M.  
Venus is now a Morning Star—rising before the Sun.  
Mars' geocentric long. on Sunday, at 3° 3' in Capricorn.  
Jupiter's ditto ditto 5° 29' in Scorpio.  
Sun's ditto ditto 4° 29' in Leo.  
Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 36 min. Day decreased, W. Sun's hor. motion on ditto 2' 25" plus. Logarithmic ann. of distance, .694425.

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